Hubert H. Humphrey: The Day I Lost to Nixon

Garry Wills: Nixon's Final Days

Saturday Review

May 15, 1976

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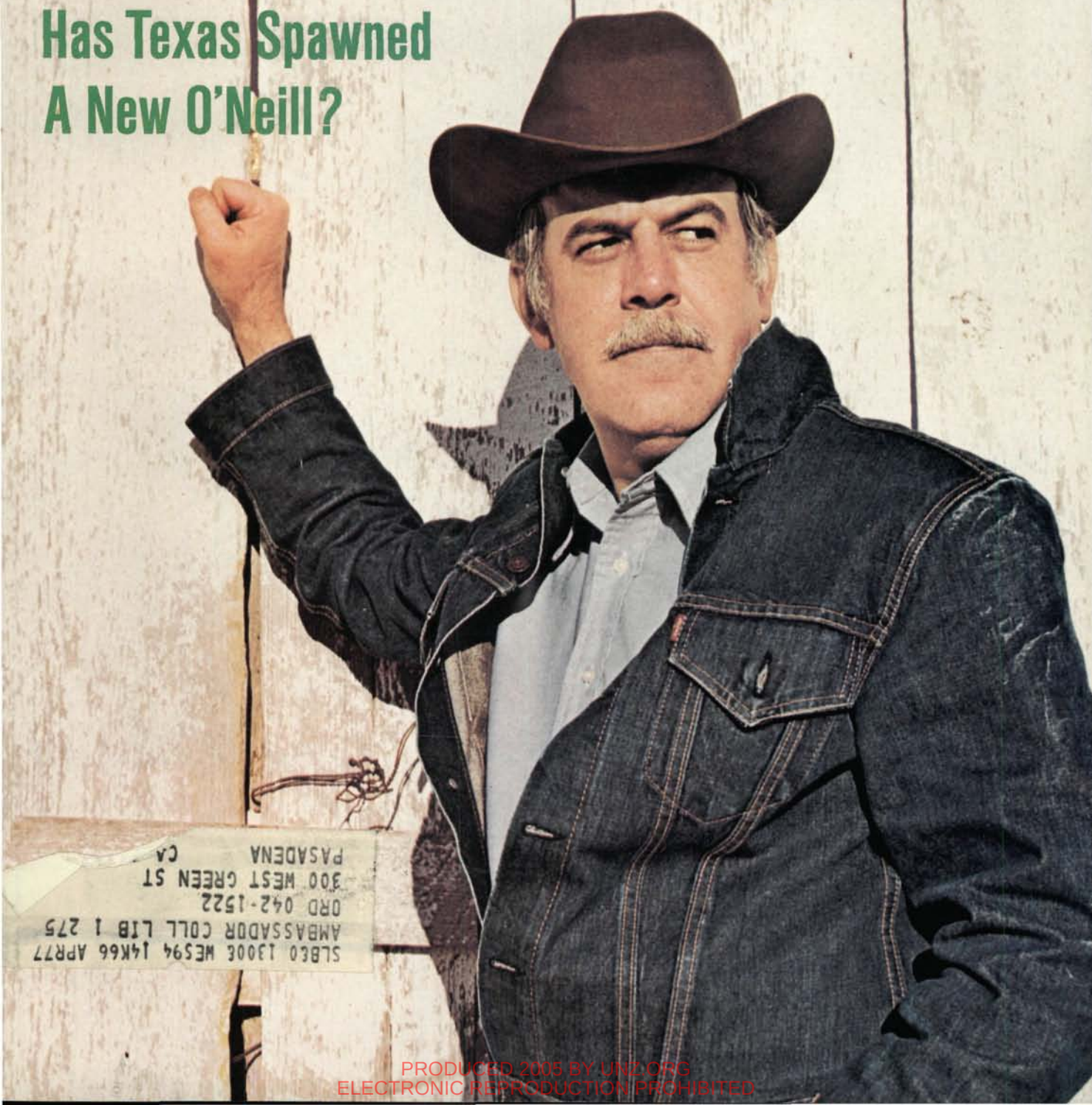

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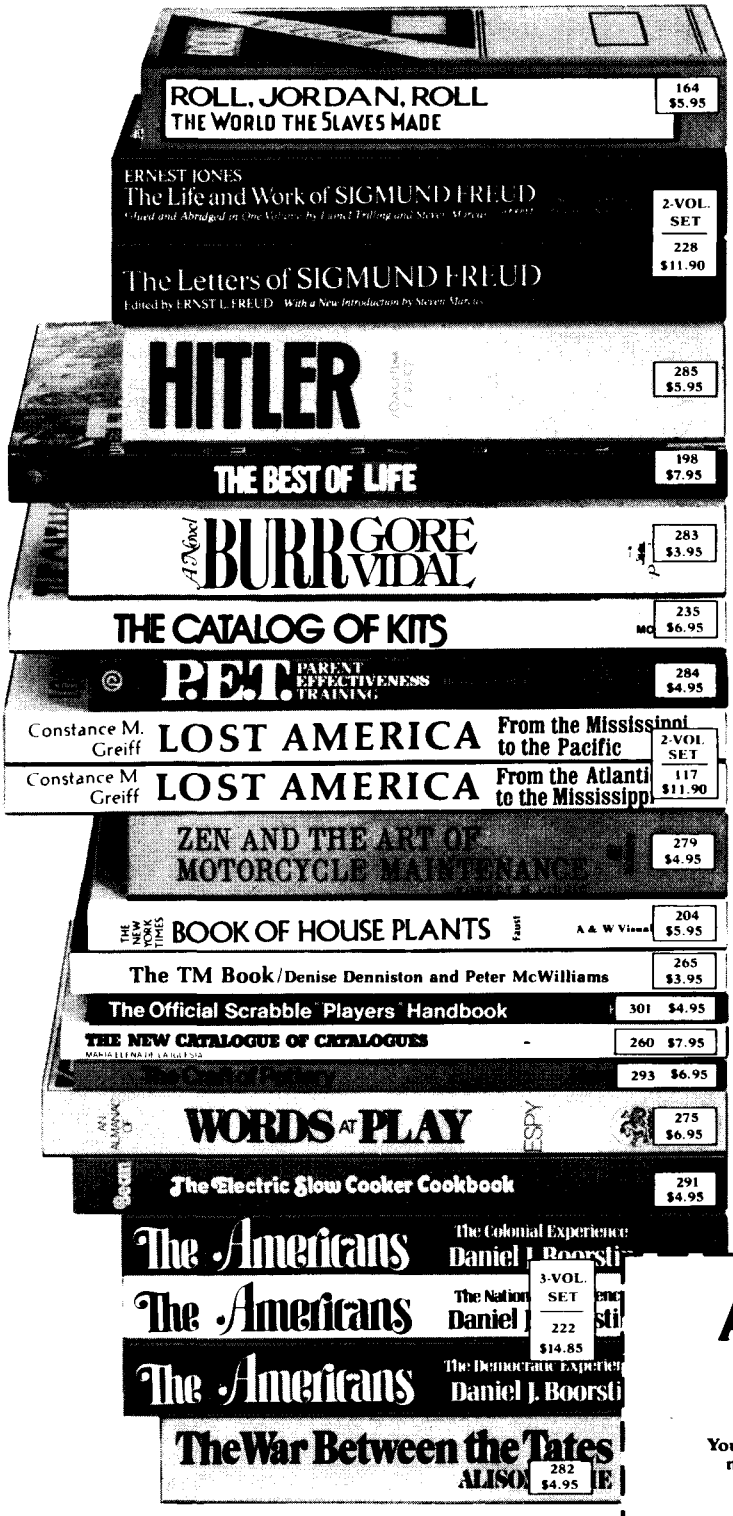

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Fedders heat pump air conditioner cuts winter fuel bills

Saves on summer cooling, too!

The money you save operating your Fedders Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner to warm your home in the winter can pay for the cost of operating the Flexhermetic II heat pump air conditioner to cool your home in summer.

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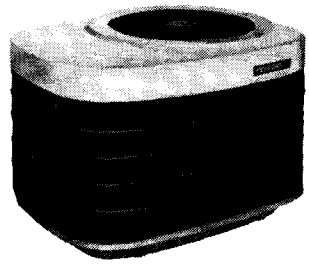
So no matter if you're adding on or replacing, Fedders makes central air conditioning and heating more affordable. For more information on how you can save with Fedders, write Fedders Air Conditioning Sales Co., Dept. HB, Edison, New Jersey 08817.



*C.O.P. stands for Coefficient of Performance, the ratio of heat output to energy consumed.

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Richard Nixon's "Final Days"

The first reports about *The Final Days*, by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, were in the form of newspaper and broadcast accounts. Those reports highlighted the behind-the-scenes story of the events leading up to Richard M. Nixon's decision to resign as President.

Much of the early public discussion of the news reports was directed at questions of accuracy. Yet the basic issue here is not accuracy but responsibility. Even if Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein could prove every quotation and every statement, there would still remain the fact of a brutal intrusion into the personal lives of the Nixon family at a time of profound anguish. Detailed information about the intimate marital relationship of the President and his wife is none of the public's business. There comes a point when even the nation's number-one public figure is entitled to decent privacy.

Such, at least, were our reactions on reading the initial newspaper accounts and the excerpts from the book in *Newsweek* and *The Washington Post*.

Supporters of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein replied to this kind of criticism by saying that the news reports tended to give a distorted idea of the book. A reading of the full narrative, they asserted, would provide a far different view. They seemed to agree that the news stories and even the published excerpts emphasized sensational and shocking material.

Making a judgment on the basis of the whole book, rather than an abridgment, is sound advice. In this case, however, two facts must be considered.

First, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein are seasoned reporters. It is reasonable to believe they knew what material in their book would be certain to hit the headlines. If they were genuinely concerned about the need to keep their purpose from being distorted, they could have deleted the sensational material that lent itself to a distortion of the whole.

Second, is it persuasive to argue that the published version in *Newsweek* was not representative of the book and that the authors should not be taxed with the responsibility for any unbalanced impression based on the excerpts? Those excerpts could not have been published without the full authorization and approval of the writers.

Having said this, I must agree that the book itself creates a substantially different impression from that produced by the news accounts and even by the condensation.

Taken as a whole, it is a remarkably conscientious piece of journalism. The wealth of reportorial detail; the attempt to create a mosaic rather than a series of isolated pictures; the multiple-interview technique, in which accounts of the same event by different people are used to provide authentic substance and balance—all these qualities give character to the book.

The Final Days has historical significance. Valuable new light is thrown on the key question of Watergate: why did the White House reveal that the President's conversations were taped at his own order? It seems clear from Woodward and Bernstein that a tactical blunder led to the disclosure about the existence of the tapes. In an attempt to discredit John Dean's initial testimony, the President informed Henry E. Petersen, then Assistant Attorney General, that he had a tape of the April 15 meeting with Dean and could prove that Dean was lying. It seems apparent that the President did not expect that his own voluntary disclosure would lead to the larger disclosure that all meetings and conversations had been taped.

The book's main function is to provide a full view of the tragedy of a man who was dominated by a magnificent obsession—becoming President of the United States—but whose methods in pursuing that goal ultimately and inexorably led to his disintegration and defeat. He never saw the connection between the things he did to achieve that ambition and his personal ruin. There was something almost biblical about the way he cried out pitifully to Henry Kissinger in the final hours, asking what he had done to bring about the disaster. His main aim for his country and the world, he said, had been to bring it closer to real peace; he found it incredible that a stupid little burglary could somehow demolish that prospect.

What Richard Nixon never really understood was that not even a President of the United States has the power to make a subjective judgment about the law. He never realized that such a judgment cannot be superimposed on the established machinery of law for his own benefit. Richard Nixon did some great things during his Presidency, and he could have done even more. But he thought that integrity and morality were extraneous and even irrelevant. In this sense, he pitted himself squarely against Jefferson and Adams and the other men who created the constitutional government he later sought to lead. He lost in that confrontation. The fact that he didn't understand why he lost is the essence of his fall from grace as well as from power. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Football Tackled

Roger Williams's article ("Outlook: Away With Big-Time Athletics," March 6) decrying the manifold evils of college athletic programs addresses an important topic, but he mistakenly believes that abolishing "big-time" football programs will restore American moral fiber. He wrongly, and insultingly, implies that football partisans, for instance, cannot willfully reject college football, but are at the mercy of an irresistible football leviathan. Second, he naively assumes that if big-time football programs were abolished, students would blissfully spend Saturday afternoons reading books, listening to Debussy's tone poems, or, at worst, watching Phi Beta Kappa amateurs lead the Sooners to victory over the Cornhuskers.

. . . Finally, Williams uses a curious cause-and-effect argument when he naively, I think, blames football for a "skewing of values." I would suggest that skewed values are responsible for the popularity of football, not vice versa. . . .

It is also an important means of social restraint through controlled violence for thousands of macho-type individuals each Saturday of the season. If we can restore vitality to the American family, raise our children in a non-sexist milieu, impart to them the value of listening to Chopin and reading Chaucer, and otherwise prepare college students for a learning experience in college, there will be no need for HEW guidelines regulating all-male athletic programs, for by then the big-time programs will long since have been placed in the proper perspective that Williams demands.

Stephen Plummer
Pierre, S.Dak.

I am sympathetic to Roger M. Williams's objections to the continuation of big-time college football. However, he overlooks a few salient points: 1) A great deal of the income enjoyed by several of the nation's largest universities is "earned" through football. The economic effects of the loss of such revenues would be catastrophic, not only for an athletic program but for many of the academic functions of universities which depend upon football to support and subsidize them. 2) The town-gown relationships between citizenry and academics are in many cases unhealthy; reactionary attitudes and fear prevail on one side, snobbery and fear on the other. Football plays an important role in easing the strain and tension between those who live in town and those who are associated with the university in "provincial places where there is little to do," as Williams refers to them. 3) The cultural role of football in preparing the American youth for a lifetime of violence and morally degrading competitiveness should not be overlooked. 4) The mental and emotional harm done by football is in the end minuscule compared with that engendered by the perpetuation of such academically respectable enterprises as classified defense research.

Dennis A. Rohatyn
Roosevelt University
Chicago, Ill.

Roger Williams indicates that Woody Hayes has said "that the most important part of a young man's college education is the football he plays." My personal exposure to Woody Hayes has indicated that Mr. Williams's accusation is totally incorrect.

If Mr. Williams's article is based on fact, I would appreciate knowing his source of information, and I would stand corrected.

W. T. Maghie
Columbus, Ohio

Roger Williams responds: The Hayes quotation, which my memory altered slightly but not significantly, is from a tribute to the coach in the "Silver Anniversary All-America" feature of *Sports Illustrated*'s 1959 year-end issue.

The arguments posed by Messrs. Rohatyn and Plummer are sorry attempts to excuse a system with which they, too, are obviously uncomfortable. Do decent town-gown relations really depend on having large numbers of semi-professional athletes in gowns? Even if classified defense research on campus is a scandal, how does that justify big-time football—especially since Mr. Rohatyn implies that the latter is academically *un*respectable? The idea of football draining off America's violent impulses, propounded in a number of letters, is fetching, but I challenge anyone to prove it. This nation's incursions into Southeast Asia and ever-rising crime rates—paralleled by undiminished big-time-athletic hysteria—support the opposite and more sensible conclusion. I seriously doubt that football subsidizes an appreciable number of academic programs, and these days, thanks to inflation, it can hardly support itself on most campuses. Anyway, if earning power is to be a criterion for a program's value to universities, why not have them operate brothels and all-night pot parties as well?

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World Progress Report

New Lease on Life

Last winter, after 62 years as a haven for its African patients and a universal symbol of humanitarianism, the hospital founded by Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Lambaréné seemed to have no alternative but to close its doors forever. Even with its traditional financial support from individuals and groups around the world, the hospital was unable to keep up with increasing operating costs, much less to finance essential new facilities. In addition, the recent emergence of Gabon from the ranks of the world's poorest nations had misled many of the hospital's former supporters into assuming that their help was no longer needed.

Faced with the imminent closing of the hospital, however, the Gabonese government reacted last December. Resolving that "the Albert Schweitzer Hospital shall not die," Gabon's Council of Ministers accepted financial responsibility for the facility's operating deficit. The government also agreed to supplement private contributions earmarked for construction of a new hospital. The hospital's management, however, will remain in the hands of the private foundation established for that purpose.

The new support from the Gabonese government is not intended to take the place of the private efforts that have kept the hospital in operation for more than half a century and that have made it an especially appropriate memorial to Dr. Schweitzer. Contributions to the support of the Schweitzer Hospital from United States donors are being received by the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship, 866 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

High-Octane Alcohol

"If you drive, don't drink," goes the slogan, but before long sober motorists may be considering a little alcohol for their gas tanks. In 1970 a group of Stanford University students won a 3,600-mile, cross-country "clear-air race" with a car modified to run on pure methanol—more commonly known as wood alcohol.

More recently, MIT chemist Thomas B. Reed tested methanol as an additive to ordinary gasoline in his own, unmodified vehicles. Dr. Reed reported that the fuel economy of his cars, burning a mixture of 10 percent methanol and 90 percent gasoline, had improved 5 to 13 percent and the acceleration was 7 percent better; moreover, his cars started more readily in cold weather, and engine knocking and "dieseling"—continuing to run with the ignition off—were eliminated.

Dr. Reed advises a 5-percent-methanol mixture at first, but he reports that one of his cars "runs pretty well at 30 percent." The only trouble with the methanol additive, he admits, is that it currently costs about twice as much as gasoline. But methanol, he hastens to point out, could be mass-produced from coal, wood, or organic wastes. And a gallon of methanol made from garbage, Dr. Reed figures, would come to a mere 14 cents a gallon.

"Having no life-style at all is about as in as you can get."

Medicine on the Run

Many patients under continuing medical treatment—even some with serious diseases, including cancer—can lead quite normal lives except for regular stays in the hospital every week or every month for chemical therapy. These recurring hospital visits are expensive for both the patient and the hospital, as well as an additional burden of inconvenience to someone who is already sick. As an alternative, the ALZA Corporation of Palo Alto, Calif., has recently marketed a system that provides continuous intravenous medication while being worn inconspicuously on the patient's arm.

The new device, called a Liquid Infusion System, contains the necessary medication under pressure in a small cartridge that snaps into a frame attached to the patient's arm with a bandage. The flow of medicine from the cartridge through a flexible tube and a needle into the vein is precisely controlled by an adjustable valve.

With clinical trials successfully completed, ALZA has received approval for the system from the California Department of Health. In its first year of release, the device is being distributed to major treatment centers in the United States for use in cancer chemotherapy. At the same time, ALZA is assessing the usefulness of its product in the treatment of other conditions requiring continuing intravenous therapy.

Established specifically to develop and market new systems for the controlled, continuous administration of medicines, ALZA made its commercial debut in 1974 with a novel product for the treatment of glaucoma. Instead of delivering the standard drug, pilocarpine, to the eye by dropper at regular intervals—an inconvenient regimen that blurs the patient's vision temporarily and may also cause headaches—ALZA's Ocusert system contains a one-week dose of medication in a membrane that is inserted into the eye like a contact lens. The company also markets a once-a-year contraceptive that uses a similar membrane, in the form of an intrauterine device, containing a precisely released dose of natural progesterone.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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Travelers' aids

To know the land and the people

Rare is the traveler who doesn't take a camera along. The need seems basic. Picture postcards alone don't fulfill it—even when one's own pictures are not quite as good technically as those they put on the postcards.

Looking at your own pictures, you relive what led up to the shot and what you enjoyed next. That gives you more for what you spent on the trip.

Not to be dismissed, however, is the possibility of bringing back pictures as good or better than sold on postcards and much more meaningful personally. If you show your travel pictures to others, they would rather look at good pictures than bad pictures.

To that end, if you are not thoroughly familiar (from recent use) with the camera you are taking, you ought to shoot at least one roll and check the results before leaving home.

For less obvious suggestions on how to take good pictures in place of bad ones, invest in an item or two of the literature at your photo dealer's. If headed overseas, get "Tips for Photographing Your Trip Abroad" (Kodak Publication No. AC-17). It tells about processing, customs, film in x-rayed baggage, etc. If your dealer doesn't have it, we'll send it to you. We also have pamphlets on picture-taking in:

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Please remember also that our idea of a good picture is arrived at objectively, even statistically. By definition, therefore, examples shown in the pamphlets are bound to strike you as trite. Your own pictures don't *have* to be trite. You can afford subjectivity. We can't.

His grandfather brought back some photographs from Egypt, but not in color

Unless you are involved with the theory of the photographic process, you have probably never heard of the late C. E. Kenneth Mees. Nevertheless, precious few of the photographs you have ever taken or seen would have been practical but for him. With an already brilliant reputation as a photographic scientist, he joined us at 30 in 1912. It was the photographs from his grandfather's trip to Egypt that got him interested as a boy in photography.

Kodak

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Curmudgeon-at-Large by Cleveland Amory

You may have noticed that there's a lot of talk these days about work. The way it looks to us, there is more talk about it than there is of it. Indeed, work has become a four-letter word. In contrast to other four-letter words, however, it is not popular. In fact, it is so unpopular that they now have, it seems, a new word for work. It is not work anymore, it is growth. That's right. What people want, says one study, is, and we quote, "meaningful growth" and "the recognition that goes with it." And what exactly is meaningful growth? Well, and again we quote, it is "an extension of one's life-style." Gosh, an extension of one's life-style. And going right along with this, we suppose, is that the life-stylers be the bosses, to control how and where and when, and even if, they growth.

The latest wrinkle is, apparently, flextime. Flextime means that employees—you should pardon the expression—arrive for work anytime. Anytime, that is, on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Because still another study, this one by the American Management Association, found that companies experimenting with the whole concept of flextime are, and we quote still a third time, "happiest with the three-day week." And many researchers predict that just around the corner lies a two-day week.

But that two-day week really worries us. After all, if you, say, growth Monday and Tuesday, and don't growth Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, well, what do you call the other five days? We think it's wrong to call it a weekend. It seems to us to be more of a workend—excuse us, we mean a growthend.

HELP WANTED—as found by Richard Burrick, of Owatonna, Minn., in the Minneapolis *Star*:

After being defeated nine times in previous legislative sessions, a bill creating a state department of transportation squeaked through the senate yesterday. . . .

Its chief opponent, Senator Doty, attributed its passage to "incredibly intense lobbying" by Governor Anderson's office.

"I just don't have the power to compete with the Governor's office," said Doty. "I only have a party-time secretary."

Don't we all, Senator, don't we all.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ADMAN—as come upon by Frieda Herman, of Cedar Falls, Iowa, in the *Wall Street Journal*:

97 PERCENT OF AMERICA'S ADULT POPULATION WILL FIT COMFORTABLY IN THE FRONT SEAT OF A VOLVO.

Isn't that carrying Zero Population Growth to extremes?

HOT-WEATHER HINTS—as seen by Anna Olsson, of Columbus, Ohio, in the Columbus *Citizen Journal*:

TOMATO ASPIC

For a salad, make the aspic by adding a little hot tomato juice to unflavored gelatin. Then sit in the cold tomato juice.

Well, that certainly *should* chill your aspic.

CHURCH NOTES—as discovered by Howard Jennings, of Denver, Colo., in the Sewickley (Pa.) *Herald*:

The Presbyterian Church

Sunday, January 11, 9:30 A.M., Adult Study Courses: Franklyn W. Hayes will teach a course called "Perspectives on Psychoactive Drugs and the American Life Style"; and Mary Ellen Davison and Marjorie B. Floyd will lead a discussion of this theme: "What do you want to know that for?"

Let's hear it for Robert's Rules of Order!

PROTEST DIVISION—from Mrs. C. B. Richardson, of Longmeadow, Mass., who found it in the Springfield *Republican*:

Parsley is sometimes quite reluctant to germinate. It yelps if you put the seeds to soak in warm water, then leave overnight.

No one likes to be neglected. □

"What do you think? Does it hide the crack?"

WIT TWISTER NO. 71

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 60.

Though ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ and
graded recently, the road
Led cart and ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
through dark, moaning woods
Whose arms sought to ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ him as he strode
With mounting terror for his life
and goods.

A. S.

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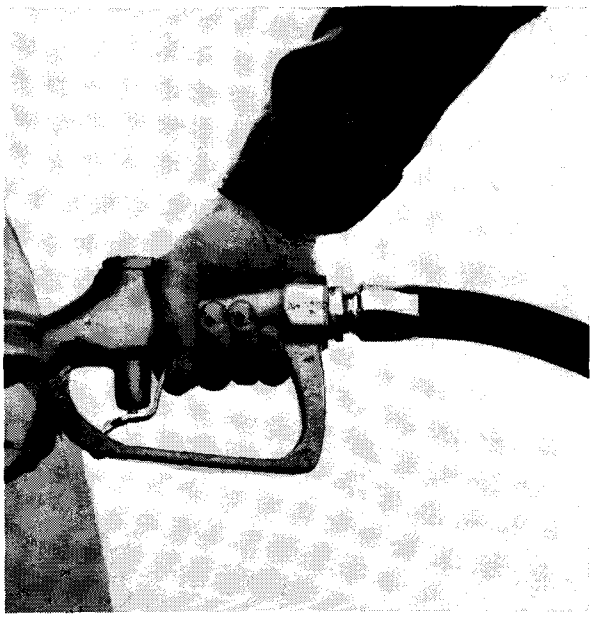
IF THEY BREAK UP THE OIL COMPANIES, YOU'LL PAY THROUGH THE HOSE.



There are people who want to dismember America's integrated oil companies—those companies that do the whole job from exploration through marketing.

Today, more than 50 integrated oil companies compete for your business. Hundreds of firms compete in various phases of the industry—exploration, production, refining, transportation, and marketing.

What would happen if the oil companies were taken apart?

Ironically, prices would go *up,* not down. A so-called breakup would destroy the efficient integrated system and create a need for a new layer of costly and unnecessary "middlemen." Additionally, the chaos created by such a breakup would make it tougher for the industry to attract the capital it needs. Millions of Americans in oil and oil-related industries could lose their job security. Technical advances would be slowed down. Money needed to search for new supplies would dry up.

The result? *Less domestic oil would be available,* increasing our dependence on foreign oil. America could be weakened. You, the consumer, would be less certain of getting the oil—the automotive gasoline and home-heating fuel and other products you need—when you need it, *while paying more for what you get.*

Before it's decided to take apart the oil companies—let's find out just who would benefit. We firmly believe it wouldn't be *you.*

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.

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Where Have All Our Heroes Gone?

by John Neary

Who is the greatest living American?

To my considerable astonishment, that question—which I sprang on a fair sampling of Americans during a recent cross-country auto trip—evoked some strange and disturbing responses. For unless my sample was way off, the startling truth is that in this Bicentennial year we Americans *have* no national hero, no seminal figure or figures from whose shining examples we all draw strength.

I have been asking the question for some years now, sometimes just for the fun of it, sometimes in the course of my work, sometimes of perfect strangers.

People used to have ready answers. Only a few years ago somebody would suggest, without hesitation, Hubert Humphrey or Ralph Nader or Martin Luther King. Those may have been better days, when De Lawd walked among us and people had convictions. Some even suggested Richard Nixon, he being yet our President and we having yet some ingenuousness we have since lost.

John Neary is a free-lance writer and the author of Whom the Gods Destroy.

Today these same Americans respond with dumbfounded amazement that anyone should be asking such a question, and then they come up with some wisecrack to cover their dawning discomfiture at the sorry fact that names just don't seem to spring to mind these days.

What I was looking for in my trip west was some conversation about greatness in America. It seemed to me to be a quality the country might be thinking about as we enter an election year.

DUBOIS, PA.: I pulled into the parking lot of a motor-parts company that boasted the slogan WHERE THERE IS NO VISION, THE PEOPLE PERISH.

When I asked mechanic Fred Charles, "Who is the greatest living American?" he laughed and, as a lot of people do, answered, "Me!" Then he got serious and gave me a straight answer: "George Wallace, because he made a comeback after he was shot. I think Wallace can make it. Like Roosevelt, he overcame great odds. So did Ted Kennedy, another great American." Fred made it clear that he was not talking about political credos, just about the two men's personal courage in surmounting the various tragedies that had befallen them both.

I was so depressed by hearing somebody actually nominate George Wallace and Senator Kennedy that I couldn't bring myself even to ask anyone else about greatness until I reached Indiana the next afternoon.

Indianapolis: I met James M. Rogers, public-relations director for a drug chain, who showed me the replica of a 19th-century drugstore that he had put together. Surely, I thought, in the course of his travels, during his work publicizing healing medicines, Rogers must have developed some convictions about greatness.

Instead Rogers looked astonished when I asked him The Question. In fairness, I had caught him unprepared. At last he said, "I think the greatest living American is . . . not Ronald Reagan. Probably an immigrant . . . Wernher von Braun."

Rogers thought some more. At last he said, "Probably Margaret Mead. I admire her more than many, *many* people. So *brilliant*, so *practical* in her brilliance, a mother type with an awful lot of common sense, who can relate to people who are uneducated." Rogers paused. "That's better than Elton John," he said.

I asked him—I had to—if he wasn't putting me on just a bit. Rogers sighed. "I can't think of anyone," he said, looking unhappy. "I don't think there *is* a greatest living American." We both shook our heads sadly.

New Harmony, Ind.: I headed for this 160-year-old town, where the folks who settled the place—a religious sect that called themselves Harmonists—had thought about nothing *but* greatness.

Rogers had suggested I look up one of New Harmony's grande dames, Miss Helen Elliott, so I did. Miss Elliott is 82, retired now after 27 years of teaching history to vocational high school students in Indianapolis. Helen Elliott *cares* about the past, and she reveres the greatness she perceives there.

We sat in her sunny living room and she said, after I asked my question, "Well, let me see. You're thinking of contemporaries? *Merciful goodness!* I don't know. I don't think it would be *any* politician. I don't know." As she pondered some more, I asked Miss Elliott if she felt that we suffered a paucity of greatness these days as compared to other times she could think of—and, if so, why.

"I do," she said briskly. "I'm reading a lot about the leaders of the Revolutionary period—Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, and all those people—and I'm just so

"There's a Mr. Scudding-Cloud outside, sir, who claims he owns the mineral rights under our Milwaukee regional office."

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struck with the breadth of their vision. I just don't see that we have *anybody* like that.

"Maybe it's because so many people are *partially* educated and *think* they know when they *don't*. I really think the composite result of education for the masses has been that—to make so many people so *sure* when they know so *little*. I think that's made them content, and very few go on to achieve the heights. It seems to me so many people are satisfied with mediocrity."

As Miss Elliott later showed me out onto her magnificently baroque steamboat-gothic front porch, she said, "I happen to be one person who admires the brains of Henry Kissinger. I know he's controversial in a lot of ways. I would hesitate to call *him* the greatest living American. I don't think I would do that."

Why, I wondered, do we so often scan the ranks of politicians—which Henry the K is, on a scale of global reach—when we seek greatness?

"You hear more about them," Miss Elliott said. "When it comes to the field of science, I don't think we have any Einsteins living today—do you? *I* really don't know."

Joplin, Mo.: The day had dawned leaden and cold. There had been a heavy rain during the night. I stopped at a gas station to fill up, ask for directions, and perhaps collect some names for my project. But the attendant was too full of spleen for an interview. I joked to him that perhaps I should settle down there in Joplin rather than risk the icy roads. "Don't do it!" he yelled. "This is the worst town in the United States! Crooks don't get punished here—they put them in the courthouse!" I murmured something about Mickey Mantle, who owns a motel in Joplin, but I decided not to push him. He might have thought I was making fun of his righteous outrage.

Oklahoma City: I rolled into a gas station on the outskirts of the city ready to hear heartland voices talking about the greatness of our people. Instead I found two boys and a girl—employees, apparently—who were busy stuffing something inside a gallon wine jug full of leafy green plants. Giggling and guffawing, they were having too much fun to be bothered by a customer. "He been in there eight months," the girl chirped at me brightly. I leaned close and made out the bright eyes and hopeless girth of a green frog. I walked back to the car and drove away.

I tried joking with the tollbooth at-

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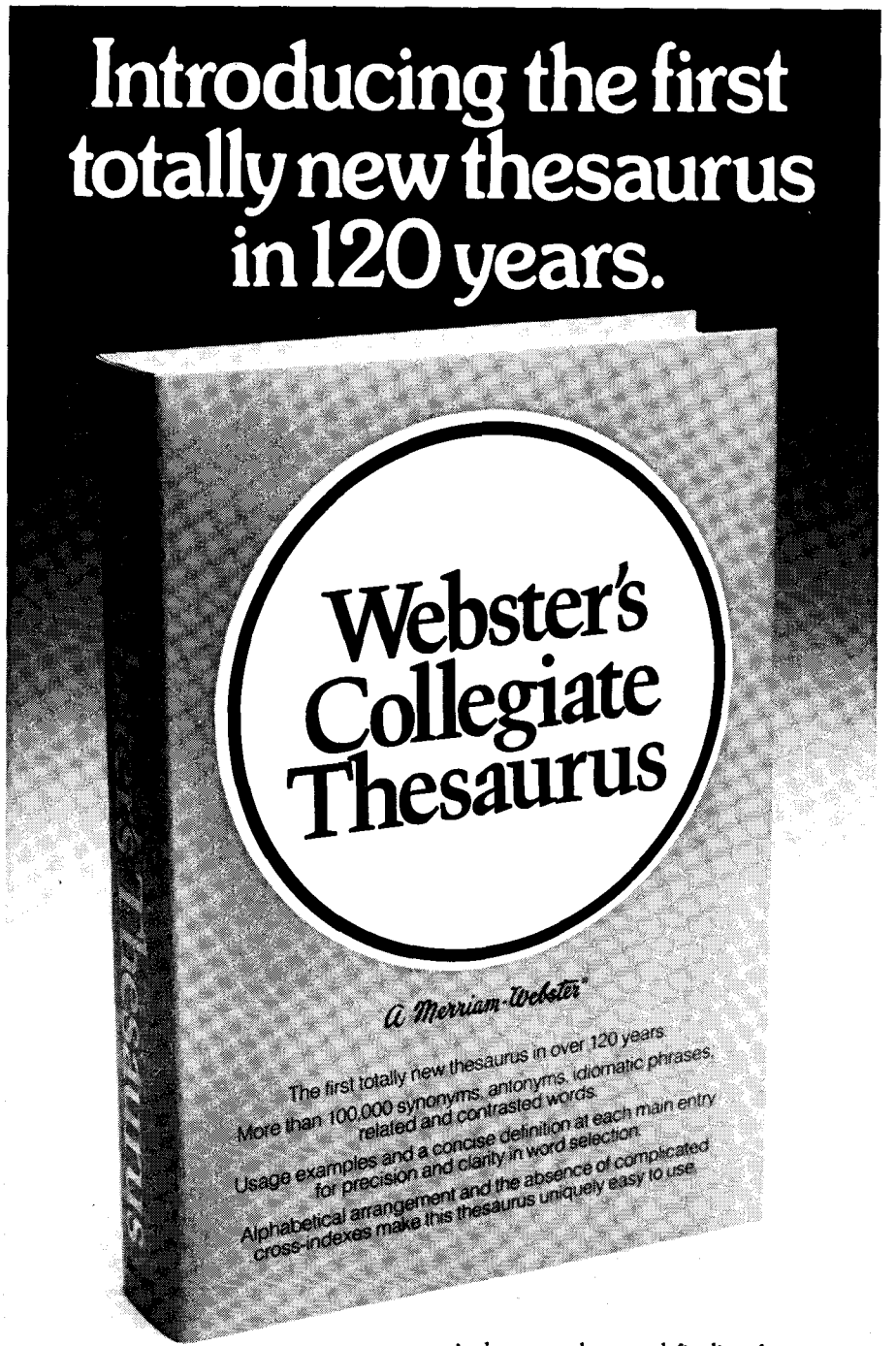
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tendant at the eastern entrance to the Will Rogers Turnpike. I told him that if I had to pay to drive on the turnpike, at least they could get the plows and sanders out and make the damned road safe. "Yeah," he growled back at me, "and I could turn you right around and let you find some other way!"

Now, I have Cadillacked my way across the country and made the trip in an old school bus, too, and believe me, you see a distinctly different side of such men, a sickeningly obsequious dimension, from the front seat of an Eldorado. Mind you, my VW Thing is not as effective as a school bus for bringing out the *real* nastiness, but it is still pretty good. There is so much outrage in the land, despair turning rancid, I suppose, like electricity with no other way to be grounded, just building and building.

Los Alamos, N.Mex.: Here, near the end point of my journey, there was no outrage, just friendly bemusement, at my question. A gathering of my wife's clan was taking place. It gave me a boon chance to accost people from all over the country, all ages. Perhaps here, among relatives and old friends, I might hear confided to me some names, some affirmation of the possibility of greatness, some evidence that greatness in fact still dwells in the land.

Carson Mark is my wife's father. He is a mathematician who a few years ago retired as head of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory's theoretical division. When I braced him, he pulled a long face and said, "That's a tough one."

"You mean the greatest *politician?*" asked Yibi Smith, my wife's sister, who lives in Davis, Calif.

"You could say Walter Cronkite," Carson joked.

Brad Smith, Yibi's husband, who teaches at the University of California, shook his head. "I think that's a tough thing to answer. You mean someone in the public eye?"

I mused aloud upon how, just a few years ago, such a gathering would have produced a cross fire of nominations instead of jokes and bafflement.

Carson said, earnestly enough, "You could say O. J. Simpson!"

Yibi said, "I think at the moment you have to be skeptical about *anybody* in the public eye, because you don't believe the media."

My wife, Joan, and I bristled, being media people. "And still," Joan said, "they're the *only* impression you have." I said I hadn't heard the media knocked in a long time. "It sounds strange to hear the press get it from a bunch of liberals."

Carson pointed out, by way of example of the media's penchant for ignoring subtleties, "You don't have much impression through the media of John Kenneth Galbraith—and yet, he is a cut above. I'm not nominating him."

THERE WAS SILENCE while everybody tried to come up with a great American. "I only know a few hundred people," Carson said, "and all I can assure you is, none of them is it! You could think about John Sirica—and that fellow from Texas, the special prosecutor, Leon Jaworski, was absolutely marvelous."

Brad said, "If I were to leave the political area, it would be difficult. Maybe somebody like Cesar Chavez, who has probably done more for a group of people than anyone else in many years." Brad did not go past the *maybe*.

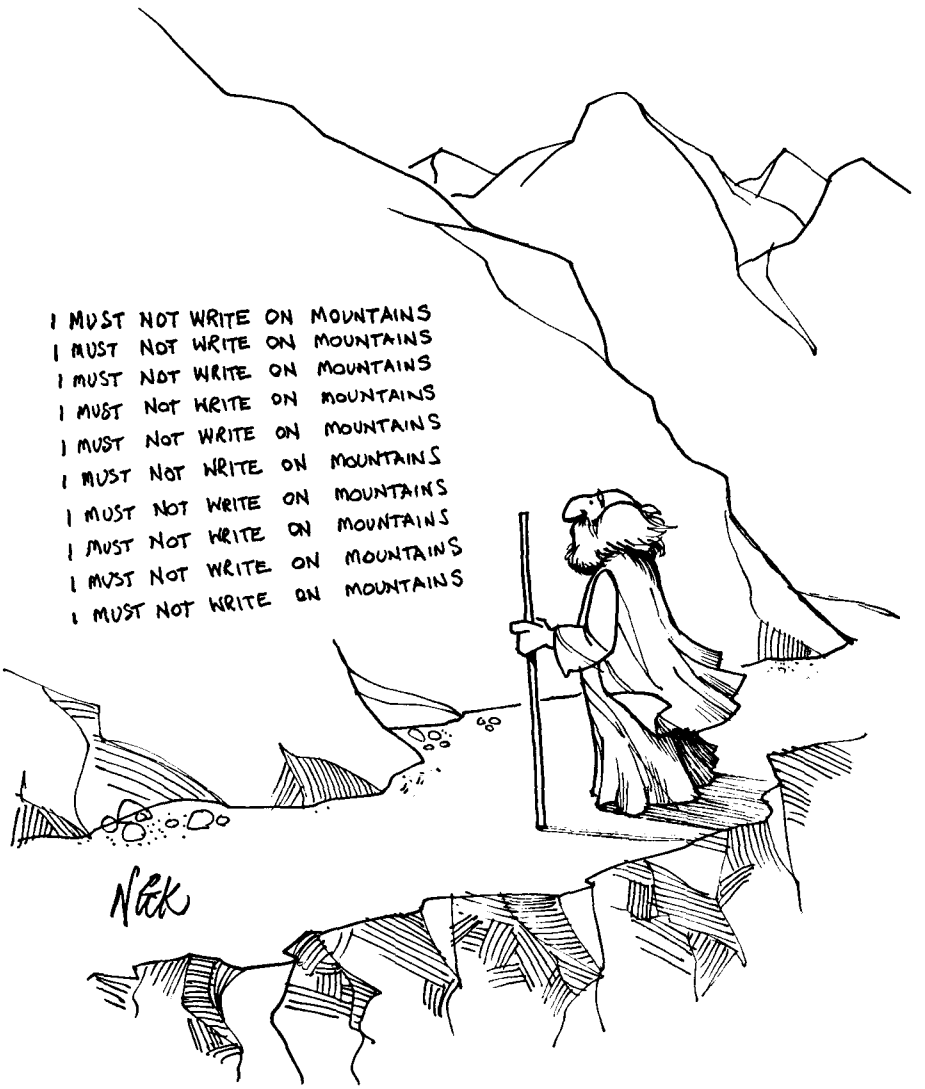
Still without a nominee, much less a consensus, I walked down the street to a party hosted by the former director of the atomic laboratory, Norris Bradbury, and his wife, Lois. In the Bradbury kitchen I accosted a couple of scientists with my question and took notes as they uttered some epithets and fled into "don't quote me" anonymity. Their answers were interesting, however, because they are similar to the responses of a lot of people I've talked with. "That's one of our troubles," said one of the scientists, a top laboratory official. "There *aren't* any great public officials. To my way of thinking, then, they'd *have* to be somewhere in the arts."

The other asserted, "It ain't Gerald Ford!"

The first replied, huffily, "I already said that. It's in the arts; it isn't in politics."

The second scoffed, "The arts change every hour. How long did it take van Gogh to become a great artist?"

(Continued on page 59)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Reprinted from *Canadian Review*, December 1975

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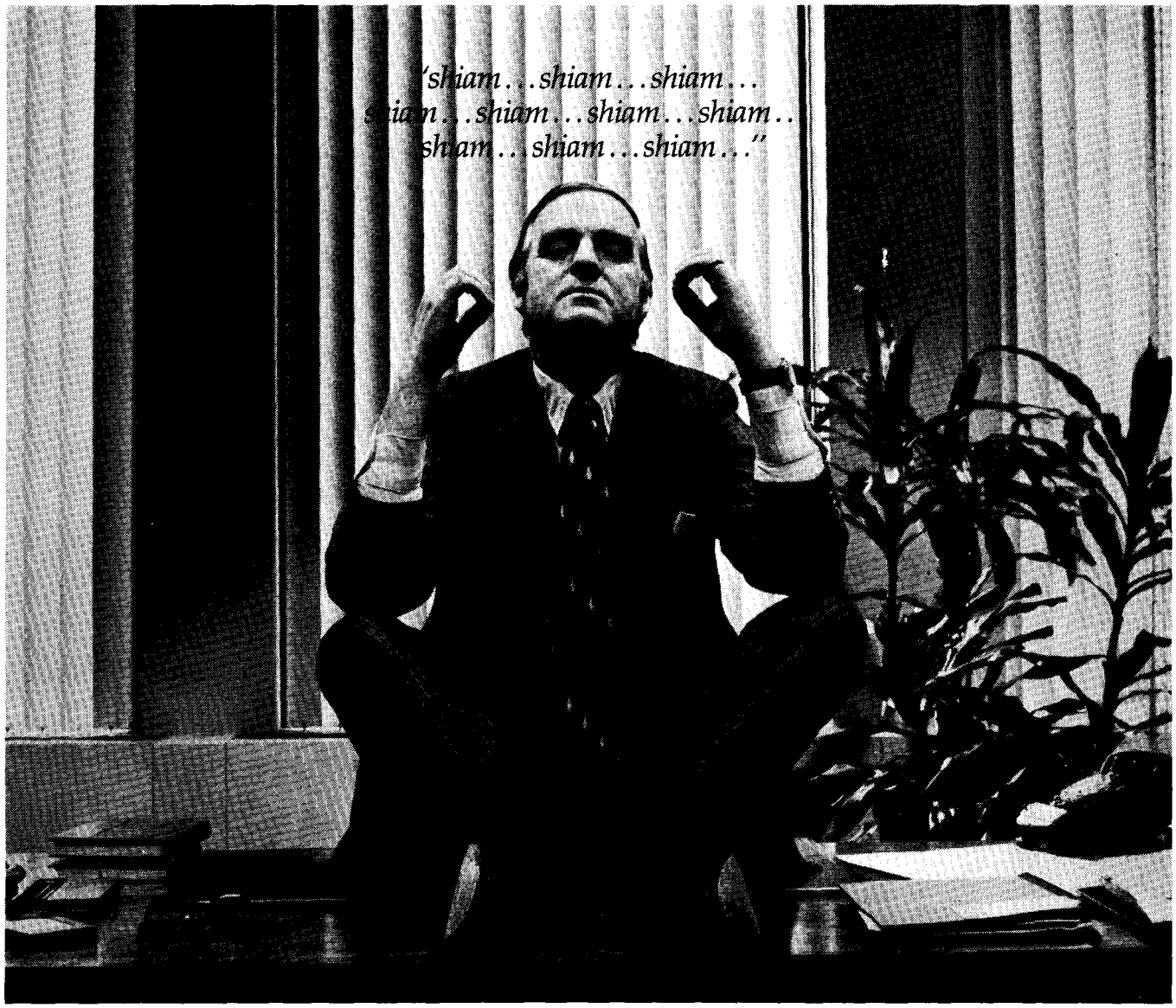

What is shiam?
A mantra.
So what's a mantra?

If you'd read Adam Smith's article on Transcendental Meditation in a recent issue of The Atlantic, you'd know. Even if you already knew, you'd have learned a lot about TM in *The Meditation Game.*

And in other issues, you'd have read Larry L. King's article on Edward Bennett Williams for the defense. Nathanial Benchley remembering Bogart in *Here's Looking at You, Kid.* John Gregory Dunne sizing up the survival rate of scriptwriters in *The Art of Skinny-dipping with Sharks.*

David Halberstam taking a long look at the short, savage history of the moguls and manipulators of TV. Hedrick Smith writing about how the Soviet elite lives it up in *How the Soviet Elite Lives.* John Keats describing supermarket chicanery in *Rip-off at the Supermarket.* And Thomas Griffith writing about America's last frontier in *God's Country—The Pacific Northwest.*

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THE DAY I LOST TO NIXON

Reflections on a Campaign That Failed

by Hubert H. Humphrey

Photographs: Wide World

The nominee, jubilant in August, acknowledges defeat three months later–

"I have done my best. I have lost. Mr. Nixon has won.

"The democratic process has worked its will, so now let's get on with the urgent task of uniting our country." In a lifetime of thousands of speeches and millions of words, those were the hardest ones I have ever had to speak.

They came at the end of the longest day of my life, the day during which 73 million citizens cast their ballots for me or for someone else for President of the United States. It was a day when every minute lingered, when time was suspended, when suddenly there was nothing more to do after months on a treadmill, when finally fatigue overwhelmed me.

Yet it was so special and tense a day. It was a day of schoolboys' dreams, a day almost all men in public life in America include in their fantasies. A day of harshest reality, of total success or total failure. At its end, no matter what the margin, I might be President-elect of the United States or I would be out of public service for the first time in a quarter of a century.

Election Day, for the candidate, can only be solitary self-confinement in the midst of madness, and my thoughts alone, euphoric one moment, depressed the next, kept me company that day.

The day had begun in California, and then we flew on to Minnesota to vote and await the results. . . .

(The Secret Service log describes the day so starkly: 12:01 a.m. The Vice-President and party were at the residence of Mr. Lloyd Hand, 507 North Sierra Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.)

. . . Dancing with Muriel is as much fun now as it was the first time, 25 years ago. She has been a wonderful partner. I love her more than ever. . . .

. . . It's a joyous party, like a victory party. Too soon, though. I doubt we can win. But the weekend has been so great, we're really coming on. Fifty-five thousand people in the Houston Astrodome on Sunday, Johnson at his best, really laying it on for me, and Monday in Los Angeles, big and enthusiastic mobs of people. And tonight's telethon was wonderful, too. Maybe it will be enough. Probably it won't. We needed a few

"Wonder why Johnson shot me down when I said that troops would be withdrawn in 1969. I was right. Ruined my credibility. Never really recovered from that."

This article appears by special arrangement with Doubleday & Company, Inc., which will publish The Education of a Public Man, *by Hubert H. Humphrey, in June. Copyright © 1976 by Hubert H. Humphrey.*

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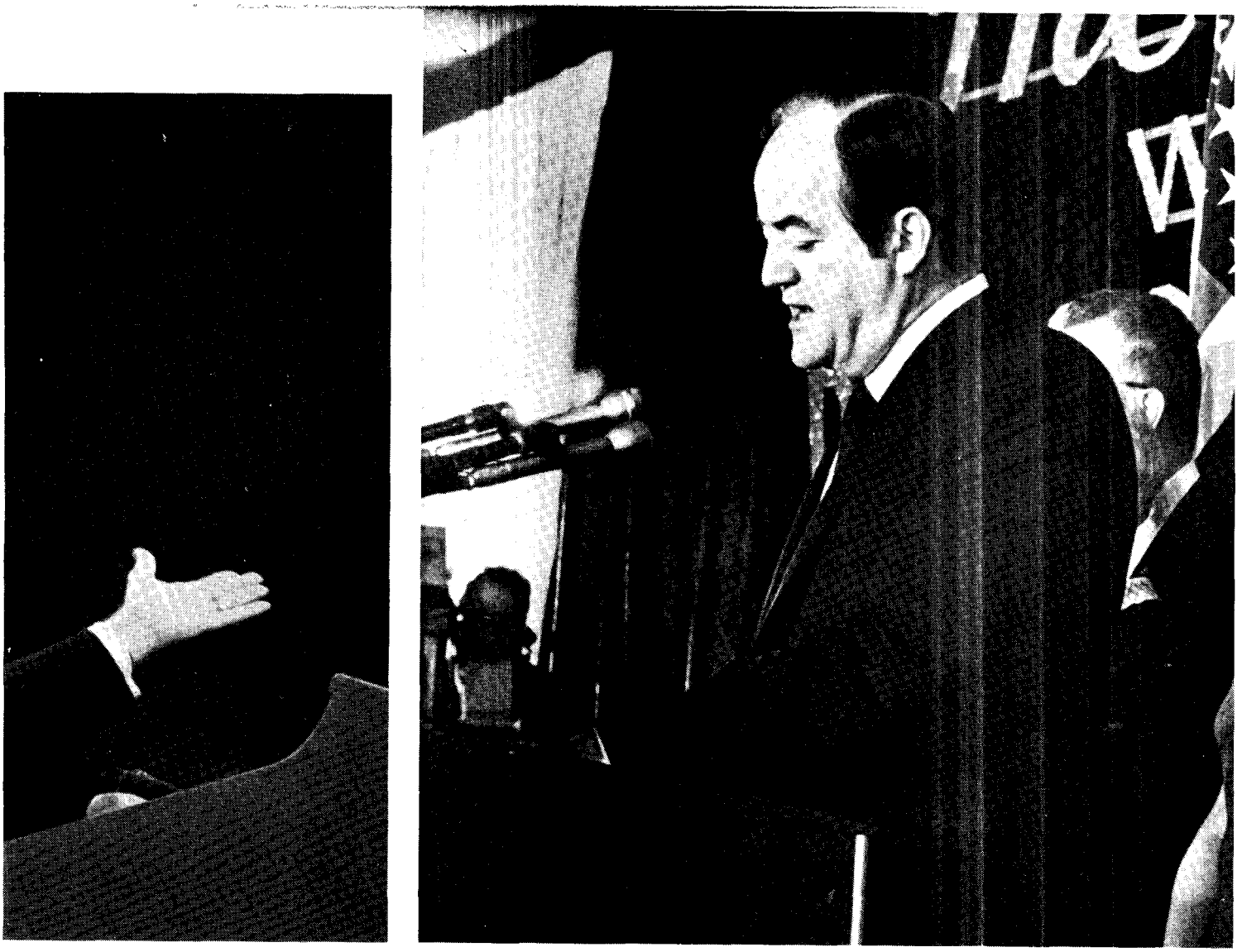

To lose to Nixon. Ye gods! No warmth, no strength, no emotion, no spirit. No heart. Politics of the computer."

more days. The momentum was with us.

. . . Jesse Unruh isn't here and I'm glad. He was never really for us. He cozied up to every element in his state that was anti-Johnson and anti-Humphrey while I was fighting for my political life and the Democratic Party. He proved so often that he can't be trusted.

(1:47 a.m. The Vice-President, accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey, departed the Lloyd Hand residence, with George Hickey driving and Secret Service Agent Walter Coughlin riding in the front seat.)

. . . Muriel is so lovely. I couldn't have managed this year without her. We've given it everything we had. She'd be good in the White House—good for the country. People love her.

. . . I've climbed that damned ladder of politics, and every step has been rough. I've slipped so many times and almost fallen back. I wonder what it would have been like with money enough and money early when it really counts. That top rung is never going to be mine. My fingernails are scraping it, but I don't have a grip. Yet maybe, maybe we can make it. It's so damn close. I am so tired.

(2:10 a.m. The Vice-President and party arrived at the Los Angeles International Airport and boarded TWA charter after chatting briefly with various members of the press.)

. . . How many interviews with the same questions, the same answers, the same smile. I like the reporters, but I'm glad I'm done. These last four years with them have been rough, these past months impossible. "When are you going to be your own man, when are you going to be your own man, what do you really think about Vietnam?" If you lie, they believe you. If you're honest, you're evasive.

. . . I can carry California. I've *got* to or I'm dead. Gene McCarthy could have helped. I thought we had an understanding, but he didn't deliver. Maybe he couldn't. God knows the pressure would have been great not to. And when he did speak out, it was late and halfhearted.

. . . A compromise peace plank at the convention would have helped in California, helped everywhere. I wanted one so badly. I cleared one with Rusk. I cleared it with Rostow. Johnson must have okayed it. Why in hell he sent Marvin Watson out to Chicago to kill it I'll never know.

. . . Chicago was a disaster anyway. It was awful. How can you be fair in a thing like that? Should I have kicked Daley beyond what I believed? Trying to be fair, I looked weak.

(2:25 a.m. The Vice-President and party were airborne aboard TWA charter en route to Minneapolis, Minn.)

. . . The last takeoff. I wonder how

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Last hurrahs in L.A.—"We needed a few more days. The momentum was with us."

Hail to the chief—"Nixon has won. The democratic process has worked its will."

many times we've done this since March 31. One hundred and fifty times? Two hundred? Got to get some rest. . . . God, what a year to run. The Tet offensive, the primaries and McCarthy, riots and backlash, the assassinations, Wallace, Chicago. No money when we needed it. No party spirit for so long.

. . . No matter what we did in September, it didn't seem to come out right. We were broke. Then that convention was so late—no time to heal wounds. I wanted to be loyal to the President. My guts, my heart wouldn't let me do it any other way. I just couldn't yield to his critics. . . . No, Governor, I won't resign as Vice-President. How many of Lyndon's "friends" did I tell that to?

. . . And every time I'd make a statement with some little twist that was my own, it would get shot down in Washington. Maybe twice. The President was impossible on the war. What a fury when I showed him my task-force report on Vietnam. That was July. He said the same things in October.

. . . I had a choice. "My own man" and denounced by the President as irresponsible. Or muddle through. Really no choice if I wanted to be President. And I do, how badly I do.

. . . I have got to get some rest.

(7:41 a.m. The Vice-President and party arrived Minneapolis, Minn., and were met by a crowd of approximately 1,500 persons and various members of the press. The weather was cold with a heavy drizzle.)

. . . What a crowd, what a glorious crowd. Look at them. That's what it's all about. Man, they make the juices flow. These people in Minnesota have given me so much. I've got to win. I'm *home*, I'm really home. They love Muriel. Look at them. I can't let them down.

. . . It's like '48 when I came home from Philadelphia. Not a patronage job among them. Believers. True believers. What a special place this is.

(7:55 a.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey departed the Minneapolis–St. Paul Airport en route to Waverly, Minn. [Marysville Township, Minn.]. Special Agent Shanahan drove the Vice-President with Secret Service Agent Burke riding in the front seat.)

. . . Campaigns are kind of crazy. Those cars stretched out behind us. Press buses. Staff people. Hangers-on. It's a traveling circus with no county fair to go to. I guess I love it. Wait till our neigh-

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Anatomy of an ideal

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By design, everything falls into place. It's a study in ergonomics.

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bors see this bunch at the town hall. There isn't room for 30 people inside and there must be a couple of hundred trailing along. Squeeze and shove. What a show! I hope my neighbors forgive the stampede.

(9:05 a.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey arrived Marysville Township, Minn., where they voted at the township hall.)

. . . This is it. What an odd feeling. Almost schizophrenic, voting for yourself for President. Different from voting for senator or mayor. Stand still and pray. *Please, God,* let our efforts be successful.

. . . We've come so far so fast. We are going to make it. . . . No, we aren't. Stop thinking that. I am so tired again.

(9:28 a.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey departed Marysville Township en route to their residence in Waverly, Minn.)

. . . The ground is really wet. Must have rained hard. I wonder how the crops around here have been. I've got to ask Harold. The house looks so warm and inviting.

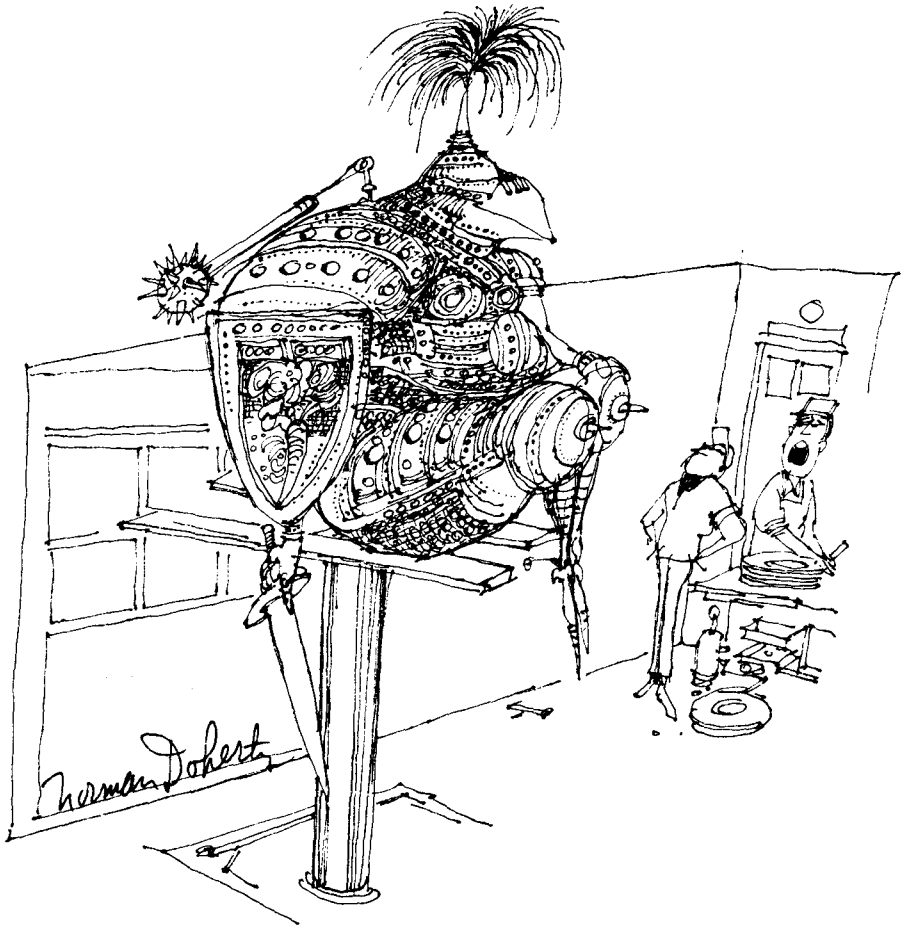
(9:31 a.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey arrived at their residence in Waverly, Minn.)

. . . We are alone. I am alone.

WHEN WE WOKE UP later that gray day, neither Muriel nor I talked much. I was less tired, though still almost aching with fatigue and the letdown. I thought less about the campaign and personalities and, possibly to cheer myself up, began to think more about what I might do as President.

. . . Clark Clifford would make a fine Secretary of State. He's surprised people with his views on the war. He's been really good at the White House. I have a feeling he hasn't liked me. But he's so able—so sound. I'd appoint him right off the bat. He's first-rate.

. . . I need Cy Vance to come back. I'd want him to replace Clifford at Defense. He's got those funny little glasses in front of a beautiful mind. Got to be careful not to surround myself with just Johnson men. Those two are okay. It has to be a new administration, my administration. Johnson picked some good people.



"Ask him if he can leave himself overnight."

. . . Vietnam is a mess. I'm sure, pretty sure, that we were right going there, but we've got to get out. Fast. It's ripping the country apart. We've got to start withdrawing troops. I'd do that damn quickly.

. . . Wonder why Johnson shot me down when I said that troops would be withdrawn in 1969. I was right. I got the information from the White House. Ruined my credibility, made me look like a damn fool. It hurt. Never really recovered from that.

. . . I think we can do something about the black revolution, too. We really got along pretty well in the black community, even with the militants. Someday we'll get credit for what we started. It's messy now, maybe for another 10, 20 years, but the country's strong enough to take it. It'll be better for it.

. . . I can deal with the Russians. Nixon can't. He doesn't really understand the nature of communism, doesn't understand its strengths or its weaknesses. He doesn't know where or how to challenge them. We've got to get arms control or we're going to blow ourselves to hell. Why don't more people believe that? I'd like to do something there. For the country. For Adlai, too. I wish he'd lived for this year.

(4:25 p.m. The Vice-President, accompanied by Norman Sherman, Harold Chapman [caretaker], and the local sheriff, Darryl Wolf, departed his Waverly residence en route to Buffalo, Minn. The Vice-President drove the car himself.)

. . . You get to be a captive in high public office. Little things like never driving yourself. Funny, both Kennedy and Johnson liked to drive their own cars when they got away from the White House for a couple of days of rest.

. . . I wonder how Ed Muskie is doing. What a job he's done. What a wonderful guy. If nothing else works out, at least I got to know Ed and Jane so much better. Muskie or Agnew. What a choice. I really will give Ed responsibility. He'll run the domestic end, and I'll get us out of Vietnam.

. . . I wonder if I should have blown the whistle on Anna Chennault and Nixon. He must have known about her call to Thieu. I *wish* I could have been sure. Damn Thieu. Dragging his feet this past weekend hurt us. I wonder if that call did it. If Nixon knew. Maybe I should have blasted them anyway.

(4:45 p.m. The Vice-President and

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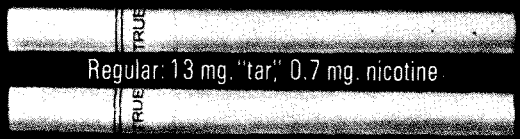


Regular: 13 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine

Menthol: 13 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine

Tests for tar and nicotine by U.S. Gov't. prove it. True 100mm is lowest in both tar and nicotine of all these leading 100mm cigarettes.

*SOURCE: FTC Report November 1975.
Of all domestic brands, lowest yield:
2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine:
70 mm length. TRUE 100's Regular and 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.

Regular: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

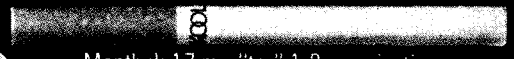
Menthol: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine

Regular: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

Menthol: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine

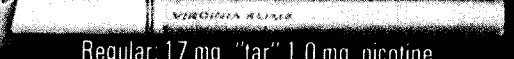
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine



Menthol: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

Regular: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine

Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine



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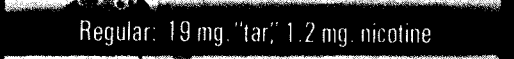
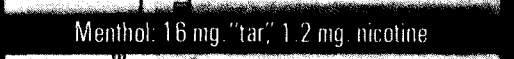
Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

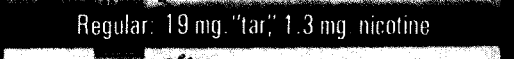


Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

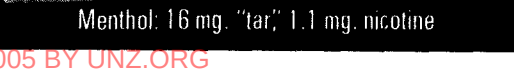


Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine

Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine



Regular: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine



Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine

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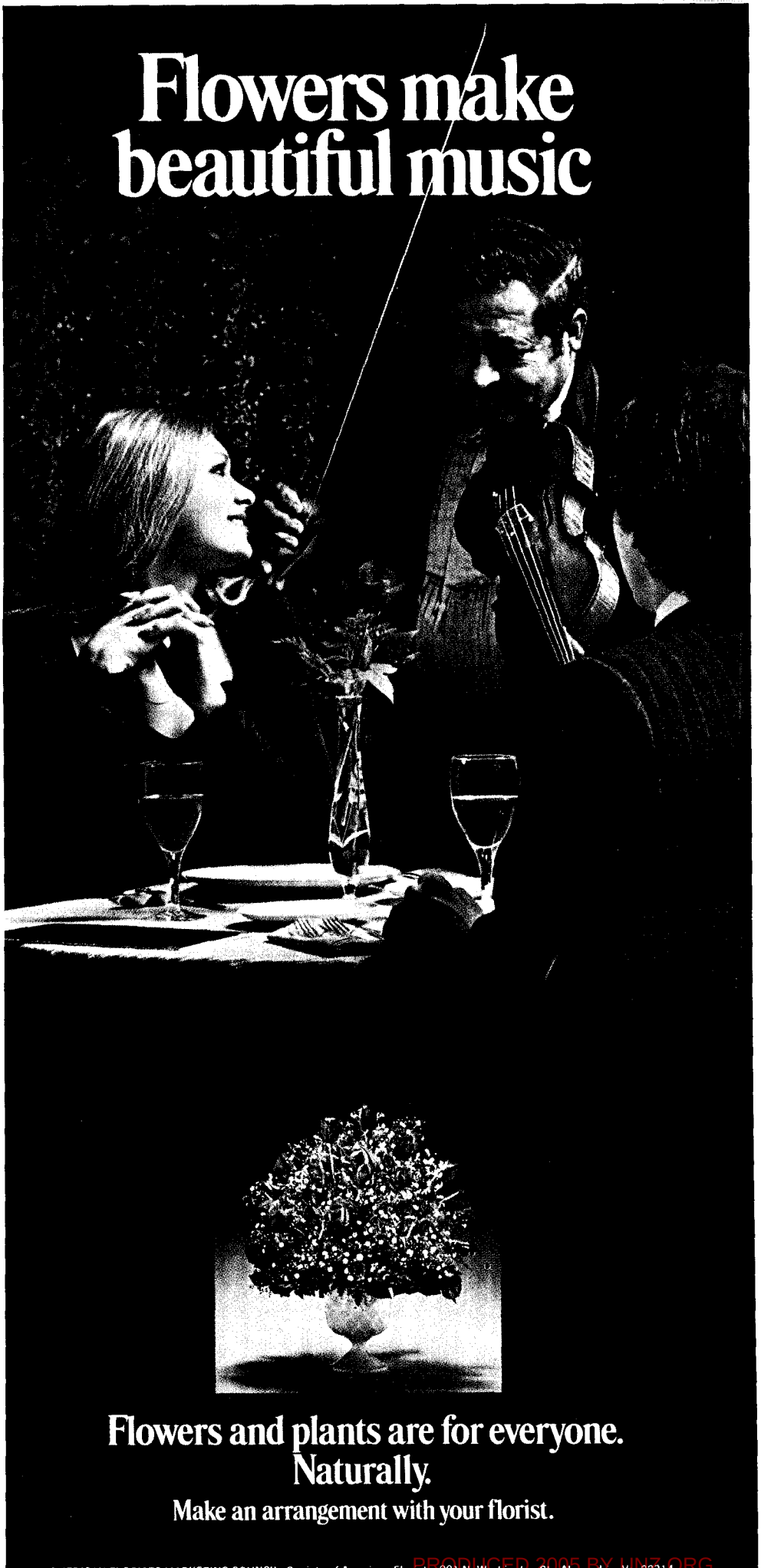
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party arrived at Buffalo, Minn., where they visited the following stores and chatted briefly with various people: Buffalo Cleaners, Wagners Drugstore, and Burkland's.)

. . . There's so much space out here. Harlem's so crowded. The cities are so packed. There must be as many people on a block in Harlem as there are in Buffalo. Probably more. None of our traditional liberal answers are good enough. Conservatives are worse. Got to move in new directions, new cities, industry out here. Hough, Lawndale, Watts, Harlem —how do you solve it? But it's got to be solved.

. . . I like these people here. Open. Straight. We're so lucky. Life seems so uncomplicated. I suppose it isn't, particularly. Problems are different, solvable. Like my Doland [S.Dak.].

. . . I wish my dad had lived to see this day. He'd have been so proud. And helpful. A wise man and a decent one. I wonder what made him that different from most of the people around him. He gave me so much. I've really missed him all these years.

(5:15 p.m. The Vice-President and party departed Buffalo, Minn.)

. . . Henry Kissinger should be in the White House. I hope he'll come. Sam Huntington, too. He's been really helpful. That Boston bunch is bright. I can understand why John Kennedy used them. I can do without Arthur Schlesinger. Glad his books are better than his politics.

. . . John Kennedy really brought something special to politics, to the White House. I don't have it, whatever it was he had. But neither does Nixon. I think I can be a healer. We need goodwill and understanding now. Muriel and I could lift the spirit in our own way. We could really open up the White House. And politics.

(5:35 p.m. The Vice-President and party arrived at the Triple H Ranch in Lake Waverly.)

. . . The press in Washington are like birds on a wire. When one flies, they all fly. Most of them liked us. Most of them probably voted for me today. But I could never satisfy them. They thought of me as a liberal, but my loyalty to Johnson was more than they could take. "Humphrey's going to lose. Ignominious defeat. Thirty-five electoral votes. Behind Wallace." Even when things changed, it took them two or three weeks to believe it.

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"I've climbed that damned ladder of politics. That top rung is never going to be mine. My fingernails are scraping it, but I don't have a grip."

(6:45 p.m. The Vice-President, accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey, departed Waverly en route to the residence of Mr. Dwayne Andreas, Excelsior, Minn., for dinner and to await the election returns. They were driven by SA Shanahan, with Secret Service Agent Lawson riding in the front seat.)

. . . I wonder what Daley will produce. We treated him like God before the convention. "Don't upset Daley." It was like a political catechism. We should have gone into Illinois more. I've been telling everyone that for weeks. We probably should have worked more with Daley and young Adlai. I've got to carry Illinois. I'll need more than Cook County to do it. These downstate crowds were pretty enthusiastic. We've really poured the money in there these last couple of weeks.

. . . Wallace may hurt us downstate. That whole lousy movement may cost me the election. Going to cost the country more. Hate. Hate. Hate. So much of it from the Right and Left this year.

(7:23 p.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey arrived at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Dwayne Andreas.)

. . . Dwayne and Inez have been good to us and for us. We're really like one big family, their kids and our kids. What'll happen to them in the White House? Nancy, Skip, Bob, Doug. They never really liked politics. It took me away so much, never gave them back much. This year has been different. They've worked hard. And well. I've got to be closer to them, however this turns out.

. . . The food looks great. But it all tastes the same. I really don't want to eat. God, I am nervous. They're all more nervous. How can I sit still? The polls are beginning to close. So many things we could have done differently. All or nothing in a couple of hours. I'm not listening.

. . . Those first results look pretty good. Stay calm. We're going to carry New England all right. Wonder how Abe Ribicoff likes those Connecticut results. He really had no stomach for my coming into Connecticut. Hardly close enough at the beginning of that day to get in the same picture with me. Crowds were tremendous, big, enthusiastic. Abe was following so close at the end of the day. We carried Connecticut. That's what counts tonight.

. . . It's going to be close. Close. Close. Which way? New York looks good. So does Pennsylvania. I doubt we can make it in New Jersey. Dick and Betty Hughes worked their hearts out for us. Dick wanted that Vice-Presidency so badly. He's a good trooper. Disappointment and all, he really put out for us. Surrounded by too many bums in the organization, though.

(10:25 p.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey departed the Andreas residence to the Leamington Hotel in Minneapolis, Minn., with SA Shanahan driving and Secret Service Agent Weaver riding in the front seat.)

. . . You owe so much to so many people in politics. For every phony there are so many good folks. Big ones, like Ted Kennedy. He had so many reasons not to help, but he really gave. I remember how he shook in Boston when he got up to speak. What guts. I really like Ted and Joan. And George McGovern. He's a gentleman. He stood up for me at the convention. George and Eleanor and their family—good neighbors and friends.

. . . And even the President. He did every specific thing we asked him to in the border states, in Texas. It was a tough year for him. He wasn't easy to get along with.

. . . Ladybird was. I love her. She's a wonderful, warm human being. Been so good to Muriel and me. And a super politician. She really is something special.

(11:05 p.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey arrived at the Leamington Hotel and proceeded to the Summit Suite.)

. . . That crowd is going to crush us. They're so damned enthusiastic. I can see it. But I don't feel it. Strange. Usually I do. It's contagious. It jazzes me up. Not now. They're looking at me like I'm President. I'm not. Oh, God, I'm not going to be, either. I'm so nervous. I've got to get upstairs where it's quiet.

. . . That Maryland vote is really encouraging. Border states are awful. Imagine a guy like Wallace getting so many votes. North. South. Everywhere. Such an ugly part of American politics.

. . . We're losing. We're losing.

. . . It's gone.

. . . But a lot better than the gloom boys thought I'd do. Small joy. I've got to go downstairs and talk to the people. What am I going to say? Maybe there's still a chance. Can't give up.

. . . Those people are our friends. I can't keep them waiting any longer. They've been patient . . . faithful . . . loyal. How much I owe them. You're up where the glory is; they're down there doing the drudge work. Day after day, campaign after campaign. They've given me so much. I've failed them.

(2:15 to 2:35 a.m. The Vice-President made brief statement in the Hall of States. He returned to suite and retired for the night.)

. . . Look at all the press. Got to be careful, not too enthusiastic; whatever I say will stay with me forever. The people need a pep talk, though. Can't tell them it'll take a miracle to pull this out. Can't tell them it's over. They want hope, not facts. So do I.

I know it's gone. I want to be alone —away from it all—just get to bed.

. . . How will I ever be able to sleep?

I AWOKE AT eight o'clock the next morning, dressed, and sat in the living room of the suite listening to the latest returns. Alone, no family, no staff around, and as the returns from Missouri, Illinois, and California came in, I knew for certain it was all over. I could no longer pretend or hope that something might happen that would make me President of the United States. I had to prepare for the gruesome ritual of concession.

I ordered my own breakfast from room service and waited 30 minutes for it to come. Now family, friends, staff wandered into the suite, sleepy-eyed, depressed, with nothing much to say.

. . . Daley on the phone. "Don't give up. Votes are not all in. Can still carry Illinois." Decent gesture. Trying to make me feel good. Probably means it. I still like him. A proud man. I understand him.

. . . Congratulations, Dick. Mr. President. Congratulations. He's gracious. That's about it. To lose to Nixon. Ye gods! No warmth, no strength, no emotion, no spirit. No heart. Politics of the

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computer. Probably if I had more of it, I'd be President.

(10:55 a.m. The Vice-President, accompanied by Mrs. Humphrey, departed the suite and proceeded to the Hall of States, where he presented a brief statement.)

. . . This is the worst moment of my life. What a disappointment to have failed. We could have won it. We should have won it. I owe everybody so much. There are some who didn't produce. Who didn't help as they could have. Got to hide the bitterness.

. . . Look at Muriel. What a woman. What a wife. She wants to cry. She's got guts, courage. We'll carry this off with dignity. No crybaby act. No complaining.

(11:20 a.m. The above party returned to their suite on the 14th floor.)

. . . I've got to get out to Waverly. I need to get away. I'm numb . . . I am heartbroken.

(2:30 p.m. The Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey departed the Leamington Hotel via Line Limousine, driven by SA Shanahan, with Secret Service Agent Weaver in the front seat. The follow-up car was worked by Secret Service Agent Coughlin and SA's Taylor, Thomas, Welch, and Ciatti.)

. . . Who the hell knows? Maybe Nixon is right for the country now. Give it time to catch its breath. There's been such misery ever since John Kennedy's death. I just can't believe Nixon's right. There's so much to do. Now—not later.

. . . What am I going to do? There isn't anything I want to do. I wanted to be President.

(2:42 p.m. The above party arrived at the Lincoln Del Restaurant.)

. . . I was ready. I'd really trained for the Presidency. I know government. We had such great plans. We could have changed things. Damn it, I love this country. We could have done so much good.

. . . Corned-beef sandwich in a delicatessen with Freddy Gates. Not the way I planned it. People are so nice here. I'd never have gotten anywhere in politics without the Jewish community.

. . . I feel so empty.

. . . I could have gotten us out of that bloody war. I'd have taken chances for peace. Nixon won't. Play it cool. Oh, I suppose he wants out as much as I do. Maybe he'll do what has to be done. God, I hope so.

(3:48 p.m. Vice-President and Mrs. Humphrey departed the Lincoln Del Restaurant in Ford Motor Company Lincoln, with SA Shanahan driving and Secret Service Agent Weaver riding in the front seat. The follow-up car was worked by SA's Faison, Clockadale, Curtis, and Massa and Secret Service Agent Coughlin.)

. . . I could cry. I've never quite felt like this. I did some things so badly. You make such stupid mistakes in a campaign. Maybe another week would have done it. We were coming on so fast. Why, why, why did we start so far back? What's the use?

(4:30 p.m. The Vice-President and party arrived at the Triple H Ranch in Waverly, Minn. There were no additional activities on this date.)

AND THAT, as honestly as I can reconstruct it, was my longest day at the end of my longest year. I look back with regret that I failed—myself, the people who gave me so much in time, money, energy, spirit; regret that I would never have the chance to implement, as President, the ideas and ideals so many of us had struggled for.

But I also look back with pride. I was given the nomination of my party for the Presidency of the United States. No finer honor could come to a man than that, particularly after a long political career that had not been without controversy.

I had tried to speak out as forthrightly as possible about the issues that confront our country. I satisfied my conscience, even if I was not able to satisfy all of my fellow Democrats, both on my right and left.

I take some solace in feeling that 1968 was simply not the year when the American people wanted liberal leadership so much as they wanted a respite from anxiety and frustration. There were many mistakes made in my campaign, some by me personally, some by our Democratic organization. Had we done things differently, we might have won. I think we would have, but hindsight is of little value after a losing campaign. □

"Who's on first?"

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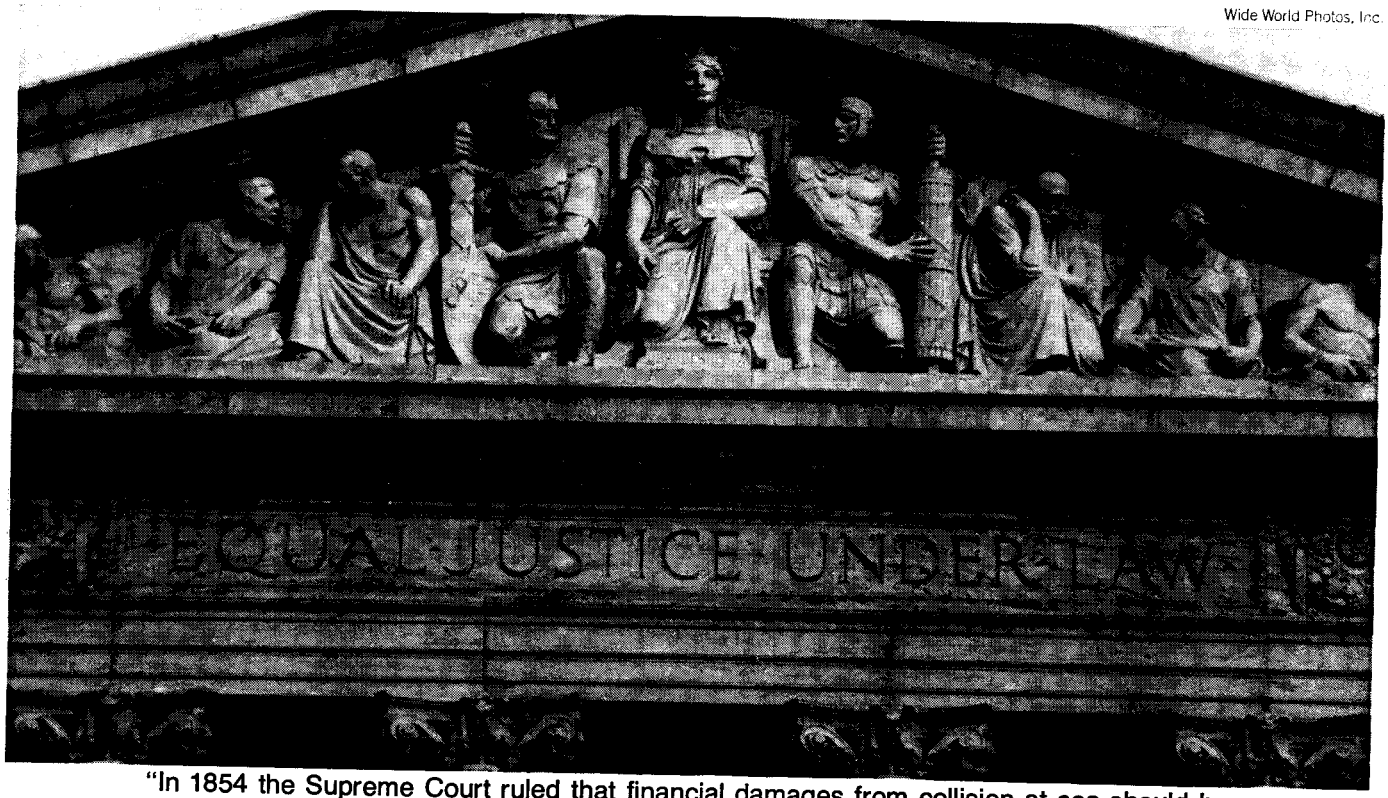
"Once they have set a course, courts can be as slow to come about as a square-rigger in a flat calm."

Wide World Photos, Inc.



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The Weekly Newsmagazine

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Fairy Tales—Without Apologies

The Uses of Enchantment
by Bruno Bettelheim
Knopf, 310 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Leslie A. Fiedler

Bruno Bettelheim has long been respected as a healer of troubled children as well as a passionate polemicist, so it is good to have him come out so unequivocally on the side of fairy tales. And what makes it even better is that he turns out to read them well, to take them seriously, and quite genuinely to love them. He thinks, perhaps, that they provide ways of going (permanently) sane rather than (temporarily) mad, which seems to me wrong; but maybe he only thinks he thinks so. Besides, the form has many other defenders at the moment, including unreconstructed horror fans like me (in the course of raising my children, I have worn out three copies of the complete Grimm and—now that they are grown—am wearing out a fourth on my own). My children, as a matter of fact, not only still read fairy tales, but write them, too—like other of their contemporaries who, though they may not have been lucky enough to have been exposed to Grimm, have moved on from Walt Disney to J. R. R. Tolkien, blissfully unaware that such fantasy is supposed to be left behind with childhood.

Fairy tales should need no apologists, on Bettelheim's side or ours, since they represent story in its primordial form, and their history is, therefore, coterminous with the history of that story-telling animal, man. Yet something has gone wrong, for there are parents now who need to be argued into reading them to their kids. And there are young people who grew up in households where all fairy tales were banned; so that they had to seek the satisfactions they provide by saving their pennies to buy bootleg comic books, or by switching from the "educational" channel on TV when no adults were watching.

I have a hunch that the invention of the printing press lies at the root of it all. When the old stories were put in print, they became—or at least threatened to become—"literature," and began running into difficulties that they might have avoided if they had continued to "know their place," i.e., stayed in the oral tradition. It was in the late 17th century that the French academician Charles Perrault published a collection of his own favorites, including such hair-raisers as "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Bluebeard," which until then had been enjoyed only by those denied the privilege of literacy. Though he pretended that his book was composed not by himself but by his son, it was clearly intended for full-grown literates, more particularly courtiers with a taste for cultural slumming, or what we now call "camp." So successful was his effort that within a few years the writing down of such stories and the making up of new ones on their model, ever more elaborate and ironical, had become the rage. Indeed, before the century was over, an immense collection called the *Cabinet des Fées* had been put into print, chiefly by the kind of court ladies who also considered it chic to play Blind Man's Buff and go on picnics dressed as shepherdesses.

The aristocratic audience may not have been aware that what they really sought in such stories, and in the longer prose romances based on their themes and motifs, was the primitive, the magical, and the horrific, otherwise denied them by the pattern of their lives. But perhaps that unawareness was a precondition for the re-entry of such material into polite literature, from which it presumably had been exiled, first by Christianity and then by courtly notions of decorum. To be sure, once the *ancien régime* had fallen, the new ruling classes—less frivolous and more pious than their predecessors—turned against all fiction that dealt with the "marvelous" rather than the "real world." But scholarship and nationalism conspired to help smuggle it back into respectability once more. This happened first of all in Germany, where the Grimm brothers thought they had discovered the roots of their own national culture in the naive mythology of the *Volk*, and resolved therefore to reproduce their "household stories" without the literary emendations or condescending asides that characterized Perrault and his followers.

What they succeeded in doing was to encourage a new literary movement, international in its influence, though this time fully Romantic rather than merely pastoral. Soon after their first published stories had appeared, young German writers like Goethe and Novalis began composing *Kunstmärchen* ("artistic fairy tales"), as part of the ongoing campaign to subvert the Age of Reason in the name of Wonder, Ecstasy, and the "Dark Sublime." Obviously their stories were addressed to adults, primarily the "maddies" of the time, which is to say those most experimental, adventurous, and revolutionary in both art and life-style. But the Grimm brothers had called the tales they collected "Children's Stories" as well as "Household Stories," subscribing to a myth of the fairy tale already present in the frontispiece of Perrault's *Tales of My Mother Goose*, which shows an old woman telling tales by the fireside to a group of youngsters. Indeed, the fairy tale was first brought into upper-class houses from the countryside by old servants, who were taken seriously only by the very young.

IT WAS NOT until later Victorian times, that age of cultural ghettoization, that *Märchen* were totally remanded to the nursery, and adults could enjoy them only by reading them aloud to their children. It was perhaps the sole way a form so essentially subversive of bourgeois morality and high culture could survive in that troubled era—an era characterized on the one hand by an eruption into print of all that was most brutally repressed in the human psyche, yet possessed on the other by a desire to distinguish such material from belles lettres or Great Books. The explicitly erotic was driven deep underground, along with the works of sadomasochistic occultists like Alistair Crowley; while horror tales only

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Tales of My Mother Goose

Charles Perrault's collection of fairy tales was first published in 1697. Right: gouache drawing of 1695, from which frontispiece was engraved. Below: the Wolf and Puss in Boots, as they appeared in 1697. Bottom: illustration by Gustave Doré from 1862 edition of Perrault.

(Courtesy the Pierpont Morgan Library.)

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implicitly sexual, like *Dracula*, were classified as trash and left to the new demiliterate pop audience. Other profoundly disturbing but encoded works—ranging from Lewis Carroll's *Alice* books, through the nonsense poetry of Edward Lear, to the traditional fairy tale—were redefined as "children's literature": an indulgence for those who did not yet know better but, unlike the subliterate masses, someday might.

The last strategy, however, backfired. Pedagogical notions of what was proper for children changed rapidly throughout the era, culminating in Freud's revelations about infant sexuality and aggression. Even while it was still officially taught that children were "innocent," there were some who argued that the more gruesome fairy tales were an offense against that innocence. Before Dickens's death, in 1865, in fact, a campaign that threatened to censor Grimm and Perrault out of existence had already been mounted. It proved possible to save the genre for the nursery by bowdlerizing, sentimentalizing, and especially Christianizing it. One did not have to go as far as George Cruikshank, who passed from illustrating Grimm to rewriting "Cinderella" as a temperance tract. Indeed, if one were canny enough, he could—like Hans Christian Andersen and George MacDonald—preserve the essential irrationality and horror of the form by providing endings to such stories, not necessarily happy, but compatible with Christian morality and the sentimental conviction that a good cry cleansed the soul. Meanwhile, folktales from around the world were collected, translated, and published by scholars like Andrew Lang, who helped make now-forgotten stories out of the *Cabinet des Fées* into Victorian household favorites, even as he was founding the English Folklore Society.

Fortunately for him, European fairy tales were not explicitly erotic—as was, for example, *The Thousand and One Nights*. Their basic appeal was to buried fantasies of murder and cannibalism, beheading and evisceration, dreams of bloody revenge against favored siblings, cruel parents, and oppressive rulers. And though Jack the Ripper had shaken up the age, in the late 19th century there did not yet exist a deep physical revulsion from violence equivalent to that felt toward sex. Ironically, it was the teachings of Freud—understood, half-understood, misunderstood—as well as two world wars and the rise and fall of Hitler, that produced a squeamishness about death equal to the Victorian disgust in the face of love. There was a consequent desire to control not just its overt expression (about which it proved possible to do very little) but its reflection in the arts (which were much more easily controlled). The middle Fifties of this century saw the climax of an unprecedented campaign of total suppression, a cold war on Thanatos, which began by banning horror comic books and ended either by driving fairy tales at long last from the nursery or by expurgating them as the price of remaining.

A generation or two of children grew up, therefore, being told that the Wolf had never swallowed Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother, but that they had taken refuge in a convenient closet; just as earlier those same children had been led to believe that the bough never broke and the cradle never fell, whatever the nursery rhyme claimed. The new censors were not evil-intentioned haters of life,

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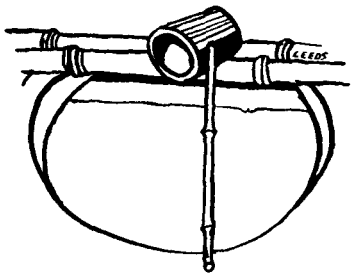

but good-hearted, enlightened parents who had perhaps read such attacks on violence in children's literature as Frederic Wertham's *The Seduction of the Innocent*, or articles derived from it, full of quasi-Freudian references to "anxiety" and the "reality principle." It is, therefore, good to have someone like Bettelheim from within the liberal psychoanalytic establishment willing to stand up and be counted on the other side, even though he carefully dissociates himself from certain younger apologists who began as victims of the Great Suppression.

If they now read fairy tales belatedly, in a way that dismays Bettelheim, it is *because* their parents detached that genre from official literature and associated it instead with horror comics, fright-night movies, science fiction, and other disreputable Pop—as well as with the "pleasure principle" itself. Ironically, they have made J. R. R. Tolkien part of the counterculture, by managing to read him not for his Oxford-donnish, Anglican surface meanings, but for his deep fantasy (especially apparent to those who come to him "stoned") of a nightmare world in which only Freaks, Haunts, and Fairies can deliver us from Evil. Bettelheim, too, has learned from Tolkien, and quotes him at key points to reinforce his own belief that fairy tales (as opposed to "myths") are "optimistic"—i.e., *always* have happy endings. But Tolkien insists on the necessity of a "eucastrophe," which provides "recovery, escape, and consolation" in such stories, in order to make them seem prefigurations of his own favorite fairy tale of the resurrection, rather than remnants of a mythology not merely pre-Christian but anti-Christian.

By the same token, such tales are not merely pre-Freudian but anti-Freudian; and one impelled, like Bettelheim, to make them seem therapeutic rather than ecstatic must tell the same lie about them. He is forced to ignore, misrepresent, or downgrade classic fairy tales like "Puss in Boots," where not virtue but sheer guile is rewarded; "Goldilocks," in which there is a non-happy ending; "Bluebeard," in which there is escape but no consolation; and almost all the Andersen stories, which children themselves have made part of the canon, including "The Valiant Tin Soldier," in which the endings are very unhappy indeed, and the point is to "leave 'em crying."

The test case is "Little Red Riding Hood," that ferociously feminist though by no means triumphant story, which in its authentic form portrays the male principle as either bestially phallic, like the Wolf, or impotent and absent in the moment of crisis, like the Woodchopper—who, in Perrault's version of the tale, keeps chopping trees as both Red Riding Hood and her Grandma are swallowed down forever. Period. No escape, no recovery, no consolation. Merely horror, unremitting and unresolved, but withal somehow pleasurable. Bettelheim prefers the doubly bowdlerized form in which the Grimm brothers chose to render the tale. They added not one but two happy endings—in which the Woodchopper slices open the beast and the little girl emerges to kill him by loading his belly with stones; and then a *second* wolf appears, this time spurned by the little girl, so the Grandma can lure him into the cooking pot, thus keeping him out of their bed forever: alternative ways of pretending that there is an escape from the nightmare-without-exit. Moreover, as we have seen, the super-bowdlerizers of the Fifties, whom Bettelheim properly despises, provided a third way out, with the device of a double escape into the closet. But Bettelheim, like the Grimms, is a bowdlerizer too, eschewing the bitter ending, which even Andrew Lang—despite all his protests against the brutality of Perrault's conclusion—was child enough in his heart to choose.

It is the Red Riding Hood who is eaten, betrayed by the guile of grandmothers and the animal lusts of men, who is adored by those who understand best what fairy tales are for: to provide moments of privileged insanity, in which reality, however we may define it at any historical moment, is abrogated and virtue condemned. Bettelheim quotes, near the beginning of his book, Dickens's classic declaration of that passion. "Little Red Riding Hood was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding Hood, I should have known perfect bliss." But to say this is to identify not with the Woodchopper or the bowdlerizers, but with the Wolf. And that is the point. □

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...And Farewell King

The Final Days
by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein
Simon & Schuster, 476 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Garry Wills

Richard Nixon liked to think of himself, not without cause, as another Woodrow Wilson. History, that acerbic jester, holds him to the parallel. It is gruesome to linger on Nixon's later days in office, but necessary—just as it was with Wilson's.

After his stroke, Wilson was the first nonfunctioning President of this century. The incapacity of Wilson was systematically hidden from the public. His attendants, and especially his second wife, practiced efficient deception on Congress, the press, and the country, stage-managing a farce of Presidential competence. If this had been asserted at the time, those not sincerely denying the facts would, by and large, have connived at hiding them. But when Gene Smith's book on that episode (*When the Cheering Stopped*) came out, in 1964, there was no criticism of the author for bad taste. Admittedly, he revealed embarrassing weaknesses in the President; more touchy, he showed how the President's family cut off those responsible for public action from knowledge they had a right to—all this to hide, out of loyalty, the incapacity of a husband, and father, and father-in-law. By 1964 it was clear that Americans needed to know what had happened in order to protect themselves from its happening again. The latter Wilsonian reign was recognized as a de facto constitutional interregnum.

In a subtler but more intriguing way, the final months of the Nixon regime have been recognized as an interregnum. We know from various sources that Nixonians tried to end it for precisely that reason—James Buckley called the regime itself a *crisis* of legitimate regime, well before impeachment. Theodore H. White rewrote his morality play, with General Haig as substitute hero for his 1972 President-in-the-making. Whatever other criticism White's *Breach of Faith: The Fall of Richard Nixon* incurred, it could not be faulted for its "bad taste." White is always inoffensive because so little in contact with distressing reality of any sort. One President broke down, but the Presidency (somehow passed on through General Haig) shone all the more splendid for the ordeal. There is no terror in White's books, just unlikely grandeur. The thing to notice is that even he has to grant the interregnum quality to achieve a glorious succession.

Watergate was a close call. Closer than one would guess by reading White's description of the Haig *ex machina*. Those close to Nixon worried most about the country, and had most reason to worry. And their lesson might have been lost but for two reporters, who were there taking notes.

The virtues of the first Woodward and Bernstein book, *All the President's Men*, carry this more ambitious one. You will find nothing at all here about the "meaning" of Watergate—neither silly moralizing of Theodore White's sort, nor more serious reflection like that of Jonathan Schell in *The Time of Illusion*. As before, the reporters accumulate endless little facts, starting with "invisible" participants in the larger actions—secretaries, seconds-in-command, minor functionaries. As in good mysteries, the butler did not do it; but what the butler saw gives the starting point, a way of prying information from those higher up.

The method gives rise to criticism. It is being said that the book descends to petty, even spiteful detail: Mrs. Nixon is discovered by "the help" taking a drink before she felt justified in calling for one from the help. There are good arguments for excluding this or that fact from the pattern, but the book has power because it does not work on principles of exclusion—certainly not on any ideological principle. It is inclusive of almost any detail that is verifiable about those last days of siege and paralysis in the Nixon White House.

UNFORTUNATELY, partial early release of some spicier details suggested there was animus at work in the book. Take, for instance, the emotional farewell of Nixon to Kissinger, when the President felt the two men should pray together for the nation. There was unwarranted public giggling over this scene—though Vice-President Ford was not mocked for his especially careful attendance at congressional prayer meetings in those days, and Dr. Johnson said he would as lief pray with Kit Smart in the street as with any man. By the time one reaches that scene in the book, the performance of Kissinger has divided one's sympathies between the two, and Kissinger's inability to respond to this urgent spontaneity in the least spontaneous of men makes sympathy weigh heavier on Nixon's side. It is the same with Nixon's farewell to the White House, his talking to portraits on the wall. (Diderot, after all, made himself a great critic by conversing with pictures.)

There is something redemptive about approaching Nixon at the secretary level. His emotional relationships with peers were arid and awkward, even with members of his own family. I had hard evidence of that when I wrote a book on Nixon seven years ago—but I did not use it. The circumstances then were different. Now it is important, for understanding the last days of Nixon, to grasp the difficulty even those supposed to be near him had in reaching him, anticipating his reactions, providing some relief for the pressures on him. His disjunction from normal emotional congress made him inscrutable, led men to fear for him, not knowing how to steer him. He came on and off people's radar screens. He, too, was trying to reach out, to signal need in his customarily clumsy way—as when he gave Fred Buzhardt those Dictabelts, which embarrassed by their very inti-

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macy, sundering contact as it was made.

Nixon's need, unsatisfied, is conveyed as much by Julie's arranging a cheerleaders' send-off at his departure for Camp David as by his wife Pat's loneliness when staff people tried to think of friends who might comfort her—Mamie Eisenhower and Billy Graham the only names that came to mind; official friends for the official plight brought on by her official husband. Poor Mrs. Nixon, who never wanted a political life, twitches to the animosities of her husband when no other warmth is left her—insulting John Rhodes in a receiving line after he had called for the President's resignation.

Nixon, at the emotional crisis of his life, was out of sync with those who tried to help him. Unable to achieve real pride or humility, he floundered in the strings, half puppeteer, half puppet; no one could find or tug the right combination of strings to make him respond in orderly ways. The heart throbbed there, somewhere—audible, not findable. There is something touching about the way partial contact was still made, normal responses retained. Nixon got along best in situations with a built-in artificiality about them—in the separate-yet-intimate relationship to a barber, a valet, or a junior aide. There was a truly friendly master-servant relationship that seemed the strongest Nixon could sustain—with Rose Woods, for instance, or his valet, Manolo Sanchez, or Ron Ziegler. If we are to believe Patrick Buchanan, Miss Woods consumed herself in the act of erasing Nixon's tape; it was the culmination of a whole life's sacrifice. And Nixon remained a hero to his valet—not the worst of valedictories.

This is not an anti-Nixon book. It wounds with facts, yet heals with them as well. It is more damaging to others, with careers still before them—to Kissinger, to Elliot Richardson, to James St. Clair. Many are perceived as flawed yet well intentioned—e.g., Haig and Buzhardt. The Nixon sons-in-law are the closest thing to surrogates for the readers let into this anguish hour by hour—young men critical yet loyal, involved by affection yet trying to keep events at arm's length for the mind to scrutinize. Their problem becomes the reader's, where the agony portrayed forbids mockery. Facts crowd in on us as they did on Nixon and his retinue. Little of moral grandeur is left by the end. One willingly grants Mr. Sanchez his illusion and finds a damaged heroism in Nixon's departure. □

Waste Not, Profit Not

The Poverty of Power
by Barry Commoner
Knopf, 265 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Anthony Wolff

For most of us, the first time we didn't understand the energy crisis was when we were kids and we left lights on all over the house. Our parents scolded us for wasting electricity, complaining that they worked all day "just to make the power company rich." We kids knew better: energy was easy come and easy go, appearing from some mysterious source, invisible and clean, ready to work at the flick of a switch, the press of a button. Parents, we concluded, were penny pinchers.

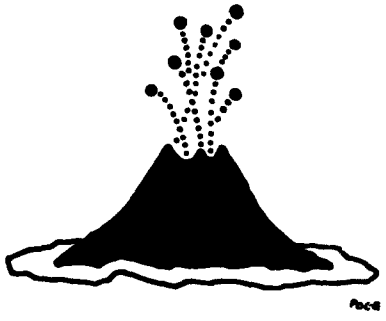
We didn't understand then, and we don't understand any better now, when our fathers in Washington warn us that if we don't turn off the lights and turn down the thermostats we're all going to end up working for the Arabs, or when the energy companies complain that if we don't make them richer they won't be able to deliver any more light or heat anyway.

In *The Poverty of Power*, Barry Commoner, chairman of the board of the Scientists' Institute for Public Information, takes on the awesome job of making us understand energy: what it is, where it comes from, and how it is—and should be—used. And more: Commoner is also the director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems, in St. Louis, and he has long been one of the most lucid and engaging exponents of the ecological axiom that "everything is connected to everything else." Energy, in this case, drives both the ecological cycles and the economic wheels of our world. Therefore, he suggests, if we wish to restore our degraded environment and our depressed economy, we would do well to look not to tax legislation or technology, but to reforming our misuse of energy.

Understanding before reform, however. The crux of our confusion about energy, Commoner suggests, is that we are trying to obey the wrong Law of Thermodynamics. We pay more heed to the First Law, which tells us how much of a particular fuel's energy we are getting, than to the Second, which would show us how efficiently we are using that energy to do some specific piece of work.

According to the Second Law—as interpreted by Commoner—oil wastes about 90 percent of its energy when used to power automobiles or to heat homes. Meanwhile, new domestic oil supplies are getting more and more expensive to develop, and the oil companies complain that they can't keep up with demand without massive infusions of capital—to be derived from inflated prices. It is Commoner's conclusion that "the oil companies are not a reliable vehicle for the production of U.S. oil, for they seem to be interested less in producing oil than in producing profit."

Coal, on the other hand, is abundant and easy to find. At our present rate of consumption, and with our current mining technology, we have enough underground to last 400 to 600 years. Commoner insists, however, that it would be sheer folly to convert coal into oil—which is just what President Ford and the coal industry are planning. Their scheme, says Commoner, "flies in the face of thermodynamics," using up one-third of the



coal's energy in the conversion process to produce a fuel that will be used with only 10 percent efficiency (Second Law) in automobiles and home furnaces. Meanwhile, the extraction and combustion of both coal and oil entail a long list of ill effects on both human and environmental health.

Nevertheless, Commoner reminds us, our government has actually made attempts to get the Arabs to keep their oil prices high in order to make the development of alternative energy sources—i.e., coal conversion—attractive to private industry. Another Ford initiative—to set up a $100 billion government-backed corporation to take on the job—would "burden the people of the U.S. with higher fuel prices if it succeeds, or with higher taxes if it fails."

As for nuclear power, long heralded as the imminent answer, its major virtue, in

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Commoner's view, is that it hasn't happened yet. The Scientists' Institute for Public Information, with Commoner at its head, has argued in and out of court against headlong development of nuclear technology. A long chapter of *The Poverty of Power* reviews the risks of mishap or mischief involved in handling large amounts of nuclear fuel, using it, and then dealing with its wastes. To suggest the social costs of nuclear power, he quotes one of its foremost proponents, A. M. Weinberg:

> We nuclear people have made a Faustian bargain with society. On the one hand, we offer . . . an inexhaustible source of energy. . . . But the price we demand . . . is both a vigilance and longevity of our social institutions that we are quite unaccustomed to. . . . In a sense we have established a military priesthood which guards against inadvertent use of nuclear weapons. . . . Peaceful nuclear energy probably will make demands of the same sort on our society.

As with oil and coal, Commoner reports, so with nuclear power: despite the physical and social hazards, and despite the "thermodynamic overkill" of using a million-degree heat source to make thousand-degree steam to make electricity to heat 68-degree houses, the government is encouraging private industry into the nuclear game with profit guarantees.

MEANWHILE, we are neglecting the cheapest, most plentiful, cleanest source of energy: solar radiation, which beams down on us at the rate of a potential $500 billion worth every day. Diffused sunlight is low-heat energy, ideal for heating water or homes. For industrial use it can be reconcentrated to near-solar intensity. Although solar energy isn't portable, it can be used to make hydrogen fuel for vehicles. The technology is relatively simple, according to Commoner; the problem is that there's no profit in it, and therefore neither industry nor the government has shown much interest in promoting research and development.

Squandering our energy resources in the name of "the maximization of profit," Commoner says, "we have been provided with the wrong kinds of heating and cooling devices, the wrong kinds of automobiles and freight carriers, the wrong kinds of power plants, the wrong kinds of fuels. . . ." Agriculture, as a result, has become capital-intensive, and the farmer ends up paying more and more for high-energy fertilizers, equipment, and fuel in return for diminishing marginal improvements in income or production. Citing tentative, first-year results from a study of 32 commercial farms—half "organic" and half conventional—Commoner says that "organic farms appear to yield about the same economic returns as the conventional ones, but do so by using about one-third as much energy."

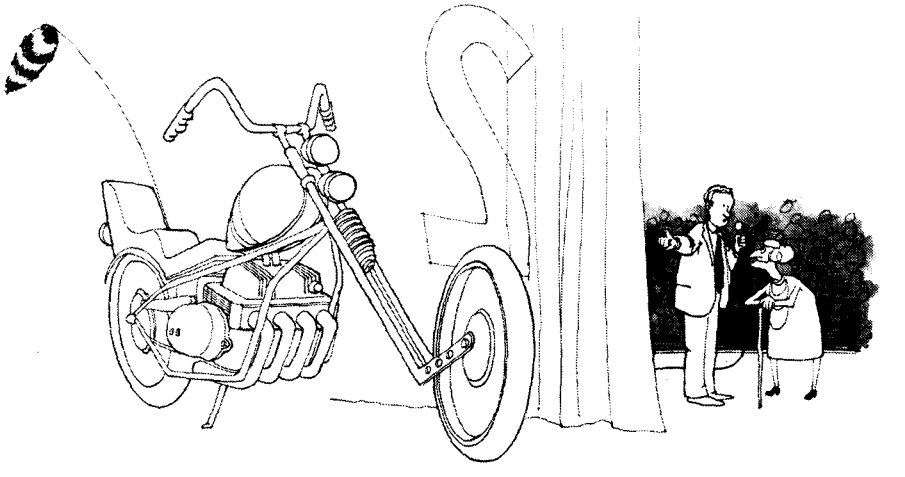
Meanwhile, "with remarkable precision the U.S. transportation system has favored those modes of transportation that are thermodynamically inefficient and low in capital productivity." For the greater profit of auto and bus manufacturers, Commoner alleges, trolley lines and railroads have been systematically sabotaged. Worst of all is the petrochemical industry, which Commoner thinks ought to be limited to making replacement heart valves, phonograph records, shatterproof glass, and other uniquely plastic goods, instead of replacing cotton, clay, wood, wool, and other traditional materials that can be produced with less capital and less energy.

"We shall need to consider," says Commoner, "whether, in deciding what is produced and how to produce it, we are to be governed by the goal of maximizing social value or of maximizing private profit." As it is, he concludes, the pursuit of short-term profits has dictated inefficient uses of energy, which in turn have produced today's climactic capital shortages and labor surpluses. Finally, Commoner quotes Engels's gloss of Karl Marx:

> Capital is not merely reproduced; it is continually increased and multiplied. . . . However, owing to the progress of machinery . . . fewer and fewer workers are necessary in order to produce the same quantity of products. They form an industrial reserve [which] is irregularly employed or comes under the care of public Poor Law institutions.

While the unemployed are left to the vagaries of the welfare state, Commoner points out, industry gains access to the public purse to make up its capital deficits. "The question that arises is whether their expanding social economic base will be reflected in some form of public social control, so that the production and use of their power can be governed by social values rather than by private profit." In the end, Commoner's answer to our woes comes down to solar power and democratic socialism.

From the Laws of Thermodynamics to Marx's Law of Capital Accumulation in 265 pages: Commoner is nothing if not daring and ambitious. Toward the end of his argument, he admits that in his economics he is venturing "outside my own professional training." But "the risk of error," he says, is "a duty that we"—both scientists and economists—"owe to a deeply troubled society." The lay reader—neither economist nor scientist, but "deeply troubled"—may wonder whether it is possible to accept the Laws of Thermodynamics and Commoner's lucid and helpful analysis of their implications for our use of energy, without at the same time necessarily endorsing the Law of Capital Accumulation and the socialist consequences Commoner derives from it. Certainly there is no good reason to assume, as Commoner seems to without offering any evidence, that "public, social control" of capital and energy resources will ipso facto result in their rational allocation according to sound thermodynamic principles. Indeed, as Commoner himself demonstrates repeatedly in the book, public decisions are as prone to error as private ones, and "social values" are not always unambiguously perceived. □



"All right, Miss Frisblaine, you've chosen curtain number two. Have we got a present for you!"

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The Ages of Man—and Woman

Passages: The Predictable Crises of Adult Life
by Gail Sheehy
E. P. Dutton, 320 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Jill Tweedie

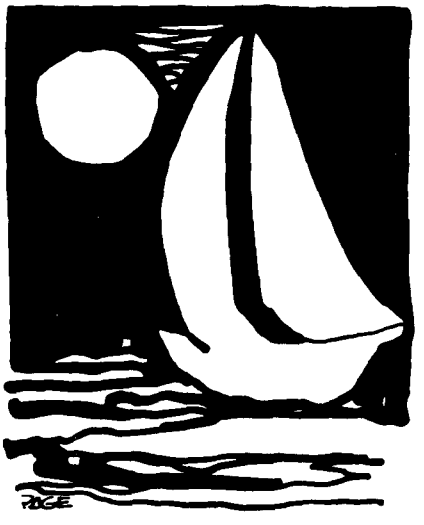
The predictable crises of childhood have, over the past 25 years or so, been almost alarmingly well documented. The little dears have merely to twitch and some adult will leap in, polishing phrases and buffing up aphorisms: a touch of sibling rivalry here, an imitation-learning phase there, Spock's in his heaven, all's right with the world.

But once the adolescent crunch is over, where are the manuals, where the maps to the uncharted regions ahead? You can, of course, rush into the embrace of shrinks at the first hint of rough seas, but this in itself betrays an assumption shared more widely, perhaps, by Americans than by any other nationality: that adult life is ordained to be one long idyll, and that anything which disrupts that idyll is a deformation, a lone failure. This assumption is a heavy and quite unnecessary burden to tote through the years because, as Gail Sheehy makes crystal clear in her new book, not only are there crises in every life, not only do they occur with reasonable predictability, but they are (cheeringly) entirely natural—comparable, say, to the seasons of the year or to the germination of a seed.

Miss Sheehy has constructed from her study of many individual case histories a blueprint of adult life, marked off by milestones indicating the "passages" from one state of being to another. She has, in fact, produced today's secular version of that grand old life map provided for our ancestors by John Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress*, though the "sins" of her book are of omission rather than of commission, and the final goal, Bunyan's heaven, is Sheehy's liberation from self. The two goals are not dissimilar.

The milestones, in order of age, are "Pulling Up Roots," "The Trying Twenties," "Passage to the Thirties," and "The Deadline Decade–Setting Off on the Midlife Passage," a title positively bracing in its implication of future adventures rather than stagnation. Miss Sheehy's thesis (with many nods in the direction of Erik Erikson and his eight stages of man) is that everyone comes to each milestone and everyone must pass beyond it in order to advance, strengthened and refueled, toward the next. However, given that the approach of each milestone is often signaled by an inner dis-ease or even an outer disease, attempts to dodge, camouflage, or ignore it are legion. To read *Passages* is to recognize many of one's own personal evasions. It is all a little like tunneling through a particularly complex maze: the many dead ends are superficially inviting but are nevertheless impasses in the most literal sense. To get out of them and onto the straight and narrow once again involves backtracking and starting over.

Miss Sheehy describes various typical dead ends that emerged in her interviews. Part of the Pulling Up Roots phase, for example, is the need to escape from family ties by substituting a powerful idea or an admired person for the parents. The most obvious refusals to pass this milestone are refusals of recognition. The young man follows in his father's footsteps without thought—which is temptingly easy if father has provided footsteps well lined with greenbacks and laurels. The girl, hungry for freedom but frightened, too, marries from home, replacing father with husband. Other young people substitute an overwhelmingly authoritarian idea, political or religious, using the strict discipline they impose to shield themselves from self-discovery, from progress. All these people find themselves, in Miss Sheehy's words, "locked in." They have made a necessary move but have closed the doors too firmly behind them. Miss Sheehy's words of wisdom at this stage are, roughly: find out what you *don't* want to do, who you *don't* want to be, first.



ONE DEPRESSING IDEA emerges very clearly from this book. The American Dream, as embodied in both the rags-to-riches corporate life and the happy-ever-after monogamous couple and their 2.08 children, might have been invented to make as many people as miserable, failure-prone, and "locked in" as possible. The corporate life, as vehicle for the fulfillment of a man, is at best chancy and at worst positively stunting. The drive for power—for the "presidency," whether of company or country—demands a continuity of motive not at all compatible with the personality's changing needs. Because a man has sacrificed all other aspects of his personality to a single one, because he has balked at all milestones but one, when he hits the top he is all too often bereft of love, of self-respect, of self-fulfillment. The gold has turned to dead leaves. Each of Miss Sheehy's milestones has been avoided, and the man at the top finds himself in the awesome position of having to either backtrack on a speeding train or attempt, desperately, to deny the missing stages by dyeing his hair, honing his belly, and filling the vacuum with younger and younger flesh.

And because marriage forces outward necessity upon inner needs, it fares little better as an instrument for human development, a fact Americans increasingly demonstrate with their actions, if not with their dreams. The couples portrayed in *Passages* are continually out of step with each other, continually and unknowingly pushing each other aside in the milestone battle. When the husband is feeling his oats, flexing his muscles in the outside world and loving it, his wife is at home bearing and rearing the children, a care-giver with little chance to develop vis-à-vis the outside world. Then, as she begins to feel the drive to define herself by her own talents, she finds herself locked in and must risk the disruption and unhappiness of her family to break out, often at exactly the time when her husband, either defeated or covered with laurels, turns back into care-giving, into the wish for a quieter, more intimately domestic life. Collision, divorce. A continuing marriage, then, depends either on each partner's being prepared to offer the other a personal autonomy that

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Jill Tweedie lives in London, where she writes a column for the Guardian.

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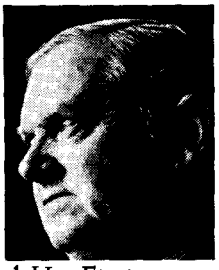

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both have grown ill-fitted to manage, or (more often) on one partner's self-sacrifice, usually the wife's—the willingness to turn one's back on anything but a narrow self-fulfillment.

The predictable crises of life seem to predicate that no part of the personality can be ignored without penalties, sometimes as severe as complete nervous collapse. The aim of life is to discover who you are, to root out the intricate pieces of the jigsaw that make up the personality and give each one its place in the sun. Any aspect of a character can be buried for a while in the pursuance of other and quite contradictory aspects, but each must eventually be exhumed and given breathing space if the whole, the human being, is to reach old age in a state of happiness and equilibrium.

Interestingly enough, though women emerge from *Passages* as having to struggle much harder for breathing space than men do, one group of women are apparently outstandingly happier than their sisters, or than men: those women who elect to stay single through the Trying Twenties, sinking all their energies into work and overcoming the single woman's perennial fear that personal autonomy inevitably means loneliness—and then marry and bear children in their early thirties. Their egos fulfilled by work, they turn happily to care-giving, relishing the role of wife and mother. Even those who do not marry later emerge happier human beings than their housebound contemporaries or working men. Save your pity—the spinster doesn't need it.

Another oddity to emerge, a contradiction of a cliché that Gail Sheehy does not so much explore as reveal in her case histories, is the attitude toward having children. Most of the couples who talk on these pages seem to assume that a family is an inevitable burden, an enormous obstacle to their progress, one that must be surmounted, somehow, to reach the greener fields beyond. Apparently it has not yet occurred to many men and women, even in this age of contraception, that having children is a choice like any other. They behave as if rearing children were a duty to be performed for the greater good, to be done with something of the stern, teeth-gritting endurance of a soldier fighting for his country. The woman hopes the children will help her grow, but finds she is shrinking; the man hopes they will be there when he needs them, but when he needs them, finds they have gone.

Some reservations people will have about *Passages* are predictable. Academics may label the book a popularization of far more precise philosophies. Admittedly, its "facts" are overly vague at times, and at others its statements unsubstantiated. "Somewhere, back in the dark recesses of boyhood," says Miss Sheehy, "each wunderkind I studied recollected a figure who made him feel helpless or insecure." Who cannot, one wonders. Or, "At whatever age a woman knows incontrovertibly that she will never have another child, an intriguing phenomenon has been observed. A new kind of creativity is released." Is it? On what evidence? Who has observed this phenomenon?

I have reservations myself. The combination of generalizations and case histories sometimes makes for uneasy reading. It is one of the paradoxes of life that while we all know that generalizations have a degree of truth, we also know that many—even contradictory ones—can be made from the same data. There lingers a sneaking suspicion that many of the case histories Miss Sheehy cites could be used to prove quite other theses.

And are these Sheehy "passages" the predictable crises of adult life or, more accurately, of *American* adult life? The European reader will certainly find much that is familiar—but also much that is alien. The ambition of American men, the constantly voiced desire to "become president" or "make a million," is a drive peculiarly their own, with penalties much less likely to affect other nationalities. In Britain, for example, the average man does not expect fulfillment through work, and so, for better or for worse, his milestones must be ordered differently, his "passages" reveal themselves less obviously. Nor, sadly, do many non-American women have the chance, after childbearing and -rearing, to walk into the labor market in their late thirties and expect a welcome, much less fulfillment. Indeed, on the whole, Miss Sheehy has limited her case histories and her solutions to a fairly well-educated, fairly well-off American middle class.

But for them it can be both cheering and helpful to learn that they are not unique, that it is possible for them to say —to themselves and to others—this happened to your grandfather and your mother, it is happening to you, and it will happen to your children. Our crises are predictable, and once we know that, we are forearmed—less likely to blame others for natural events, more likely to benefit ourselves. □

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In Our Own Backyard

Years of Infamy: The Untold Story of America's Concentration Camps
by Michi Weglyn
Morrow, 351 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Edwin O. Reischauer

The term "concentration camp" may sound sensational, but it unfortunately rings true for the camps in which the 110,000 West Coast residents of Japanese origin were imprisoned during World War II. They were rounded up under Executive Order No. 9066, issued on February 19, 1942. All people of Japanese origin, irrespective of whether they were American citizens or not and regardless of their proven records of loyalty, were forced into "assembly centers" on the West Coast and then moved farther inland to "relocation centers" surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards.

It was a senseless, racist act, one of which all Americans should be profoundly ashamed. The Japanese of Hawaii, who constituted a third of Hawaii's total population, were judged by the local authorities to be loyal and dependable—and proved themselves so. Except for the agents of the Japanese government who were rounded up immediately at the outbreak of war, no persons of Japanese origin in Hawaii or on the West Coast were ever, before their incarceration, found guilty of any disloyal acts. This was true not only of the second-generation, American-born *nisei* but also of the first-generation *issei*, despite the fact that the aging *issei* had been seriously discriminated against. They had been denied the right to acquire American citizenship as so-called unassimilable aliens, and then, on the basis of their lack of citizenship, they were denied the right to own land. Meanwhile, German and Italian enemy aliens, who had always been eligible for American citizenship, were left free. One could hardly imagine more blatant discrimination.

The wartime imprisonment of the Japanese-Americans, however, is no "untold story," as the subtitle of this book might lead one to believe. Articles and books about it have come out in a modest though steady stream ever since the end of the war. Recently, however, the story has attracted wider attention. On February 19 of this year, exactly 34 years after the issuance of Executive Order No. 9066, President Ford formally rescinded it—with fanfare and pious statements. A couple of weeks later, there appeared on prime-time TV a sentimental though moving program portraying the experience of one Japanese-American family during the "relocation," based on a 1973 book called *Farewell to Manzanar*.

Much of the reporting on this American experience of concentration camps has emphasized the silver lining. Most of the Japanese accepted their outrageously unfair treatment with stoic resignation and a determination to prove their loyalty to this country. An all-*nisei* military unit, recruited in Hawaii and in the camps, built a stunning battle record in Italy and on the German front, though at the cost of being the American unit with the highest rate of casualties—as well as of decorations. The record of the Japanese-Americans who served as our interpreters and language experts in the Pacific was no less heroic, though much less publicized. The guilty consciences of their fellow Americans produced a spectacular reversal of attitudes toward Japanese-Americans after the war. All legal discriminations were dropped, and they were accepted on terms of full equality. Meanwhile, their relocation had scattered them more widely throughout the country, helping to get them out of their original patterns of life as gardeners, truck farmers, and fishermen, and helping their children to make the transition to the professions. Today we find Japanese-Americans averaging high on the socio-economic scale and perhaps more generously represented in Congress than any other ethnic group, with one senator and three congressmen for a mere quarter of one percent of the population.

The seamy side of the story, however, also needs to be told, and this Michi Weglyn has done with greater thoroughness than has ever been achieved before. She has presented a carefully documented study, complete with full texts and footnotes. Having lived through the

Edwin O. Reischauer, former U.S. ambassador to Japan, is professor of Far Eastern studies at Harvard University.

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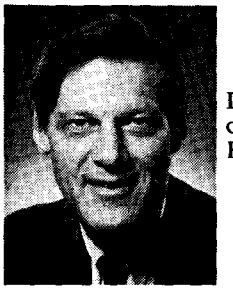

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experience herself as a teenager, she knows personally of what she writes. But she maintains throughout a careful and scholarly balance.

The book deals in particular detail with the Tule Lake camp, in central California, where the recalcitrants and the troublemakers were concentrated. A few of these were persons whose loyalties for one reason or another lay on the Japanese side, but more were persons who, scorning the meekness of typical Japanese behavior, acted like 100 percent Americans in refusing to accept the patent injustices of the situation. Some of the most outspoken were men who had fought for the United States in World War I.

It is a terrible story that Michi Weglyn lays out with clarity and precision—a story of outrageous prejudice, ridiculous hysteria, administrative callousness and bungling, economic ruination for many, untold damage to individual psyches, and simple terror. The American "concentration camps" may have been light-years removed from the extermination camps of the Nazis, but they were far from American ideals. This is a story Americans need to know more about and to keep fresh in their minds. It happened only a generation ago, and the attitudes that lay behind it still have considerable currency in our land. □

"We'd like to replace you with a computer, Harris, but we can't figure out what the hell you do!"

New Books

Friendly Fire

by C. D. B. Bryan
Putnam, 338 pp., $10.95

In February 1970, Sgt. Michael Mullen, of an Iowa farming family, was killed in Vietnam by an American artillery round that fell short. His parents couldn't accept the fact that their son—quiet, responsible, a promising biochemistry graduate before being drafted—had died so meaninglessly. Their grief was compounded with rage, their rage with a suspicion (for which there at first seemed some grounds) that the army was concealing some damaging facts.

C. D. B. Bryan met the Mullens in 1971, and joined in their search for the "truth." His book—based on public and private documents, reconstructed conversations, and taped interviews—is objective despite the tug of compassion, and is powerfully affecting in its evocation of trapped grief. Her son's death turned Peg Mullen into a formidable warrior for peace: she put anti-war ads in the papers, marched on Washington, phoned senators, harried the Pentagon. And the truth she eventually found? An officer had miscalculated the height of a tree. But, Bryan shows, her suspicions—that there was an incompetent battalion commander, a drunken gunner, an army conspiracy—proved to be unfounded. Bryan's account focuses less on Michael's death than on what it did to his parents, once of the "silent majority," who now had lost faith in their country. Explicitly and implicitly, it's a dramatic comment on what the war did to America.

PETER GARDNER

•

Ordinary People

by Judith Guest
Viking, 263 pp., $7.95

The first unsolicited novel Viking has published since 1949, *Ordinary People* has all the qualities of good soap opera, served up with enough compassion, intelligence, and control to give it an unmistakable touch of class. Chronicling twin disasters that wreck the security and amplitude of an upper-middle-class suburban household, the book somehow skirts both the maudlin and the banal as it investigates the possibilities for psychological salvation. The family, the domestic scene, has always been one of fiction's richest sources, and Judith Guest's ability to mine it, without recourse either to cynicism on the one hand or to bourgeois piety on the other, is refreshing. Sagas of suburban upheaval being a dime a dozen these days, it is important to stress that *Ordinary People* achieves its modest but pleasing stature by making one see things from a new, engaging perspective; the author handles effortlessly a conviction that human actions and experience are suffused with moral consequence, and she attaches seriousness to the striving toward maturity—whether it transpires in adolescence or in middle age. Altogether, a satisfying if conventional narrative, informed at once by a sense of tradition and an unconnable contemporary sophistication.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

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The Spectator Bird

by Wallace Stegner
Doubleday, 216 pp., $6.95

After the splendid, expansive *Angle of Repose* (for which the author was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1972), this

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latest of Wallace Stegner's novels is a disappointment. It picks up the lives of Ruth and Joe Allston, who first appeared in *All the Little Live Things* (1967); now in old age, they confront the rhythms and the anxieties of an existence that has just about run out of options. Stegner has a fine eye for the dynamics and shadings of character, no matter on how minor a scale he represents them here; what *does* resonate is Joe's resigned but profound awareness of lost chances, and of the ultimate, if mixed, consolation and meaning found in his long, unexceptional marriage. Finally, though, there is something played-out about this book, almost as if Stegner, fearing sentimentality, had simply refused to exploit the dramatic tension to be found in the life his protagonist looks back on—a life that sacrificed passion for the sustenance of convention. *The Spectator Bird* could easily have been much better than it is—all the more reason to regret the fact that it never really catches fire. J.L.C.

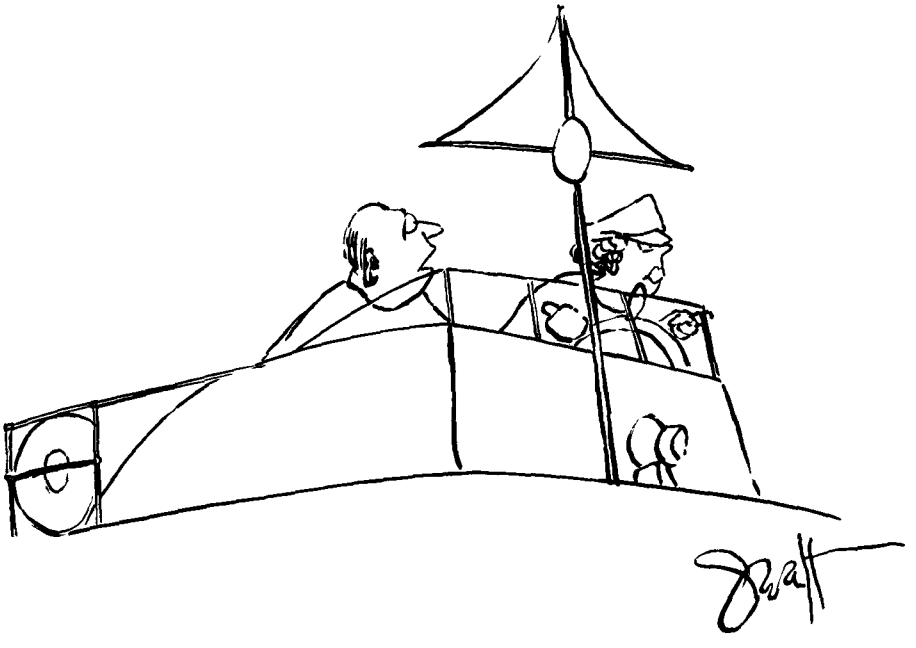
•

Smart Aleck: The Wit, World, and Life of Alexander Woollcott

by Howard Teichmann
Morrow, 334 pp., $10.95

Not the least difficulty a reader has with Howard Teichmann's second biography—he has already done one on George S. Kaufman—is to locate its occasion. Why now? And what does it add to Samuel Hopkins Adams's excellent study of Alexander Woollcott in 1945, plus two others that have followed? Unquestionably new in this era of Masters and Johnson is Teichmann's frank and entirely plausible analysis of Woollcott's ambiguous sexuality—an analysis that occupies, happily, no more than a few pages. Beyond that, however, his task was to gather information from scores of duly alphabetized people, from George Abbott to Sam Zolotow, and from over 100 printed sources, and then to present Woollcott as one of a breed almost as extinct as the five-cent hot dog with sauerkraut—a true "American original," as he labels him, out of those madcap, unparalleled Twenties and Thirties. Perhaps it's inevitable that biographers claim for their subjects more than their subjects deserve or would themselves accept. Still, what might have been expected these days from such a plethora of sources would have been a massive tome to match those we've seen on James Joyce and Sinclair Lewis, tracing each day's dentist visit or grocery bill. Instead, *Smart Aleck* is a breezy, abbreviated account, largely of retold stories, aimed more at hitting Woollcott broadside with all his virtues and faults, both as voluminous as his corpus, than at painting the streaks of his mustache. The writing, it should be added, is so uneven as to make one believe that the breed of book editors passed away with the Woollcotts. "As a good baseball umpire, he called 'em as he saw 'em," says Teichmann of his archstylist's drama criticism. Rest, Aleck. Rest, perturbèd spirit.

ROBERT MAURER



"Could I wear the hat when we get into port?"

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Children's Books: The Best of the Season

by William Cole

The last time this roundup of children's books appeared, a couple of letters came in from readers complaining that the reviews were too skimpy, and that they weren't critical enough. To which I replied that they have to be skimpy if I am to indicate the variety of children's books available each season, and that the mere fact that a book is reviewed at all means that it is thought well of. (And I don't at all mind ending a sentence with a preposition.) Sometime I'd like to review the *bad* ones, pointing out the arty and the cutesy, the awkward drawing, the muddled stories, the opportunistic bosh that flows in to reviewers each season. But what kind of service would that be to readers?

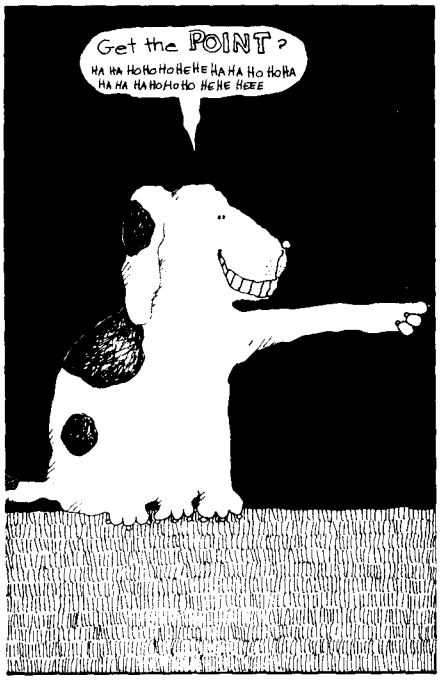
Here are the books I consider the best published this year:

For Older Children (Roughly 8–11)

THE ARBUTHNOT ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE by May Hill Arbuthnot, revised by Zena Sutherland (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $22.50). Twelve hundred pages, many black-and-white illustrations, and a portfolio of color. This is the classic jumbo collection of writing for children, just brought up to date. Tall tales, myths, fiction, poetry, with a batch of indexes and bibliographies. A cornerstone for any children's library.

THE ILLUSTRATED TREASURY OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, edited by Margaret E. Martignoni (Grosset & Dunlap, regular edition $7.95, deluxe $9.95). A lot of book for the money. Not as scholarly as the above book, and aimed at a lower age level, this one has more color plates and pulls together work by such writers as Bemelmans, Kipling, Munro Leaf, and such favorite characters as Babar, Heidi, Bambi, Gulliver, and Tom Sawyer—mostly in excerpts. Originally published in 1955, the book has been printed this year from new plates, and the deluxe edition has a fancier binding and a slipcase. Five hundred twelve pages.

BEAVER YEAR, written and illustrated by Irene Brady (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95). A touch, but not too much, of anthropomorphism in this charmingly illustrated story of the life cycle of a couple of beavers. Brother and sister



From *The Six-Million-Dollar Cucumber*

more or less "marry," but, oh well, let them have their way.

SHARKS by Rhoda Blumberg (Franklin Watts, $3.90). Straight, informative text and frightening photographs of the dreaded creatures. The picture of the 3,234-pound great white shark will give you pause.

LIVING THINGS THAT POISON, ITCH, AND STING by Phyllis S. Busch, illustrated by Harriett Springer (Walker, $6.95). Mosquitoes, mushrooms, ticks, snakes, poison ivy, clearly illustrated and described. I think I'll stay indoors this summer. (Did you know that buttercups are poisonous?)

From *Gettysburg: Tad Lincoln's Story*

DISCOVERING THE AMERICAN STORK by Jack Denton Scott, photographs by Ozzie Sweet (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.50). These beautifully awkward birds are found chiefly in Florida's Corkscrew Swamp preserve, and the book makes me want to rush right down there. Nicely written. Mr. Scott points out that the sexes look so much alike that "sometimes there is confusion at mating time." They clack their beaks, which is something I'd like to hear.

THE HAND BOOK by Lassor Blumenthal, illustrated by Jack Stokes (Doubleday, $5.95). Magic tricks, wall shadows, palm reading, hand jokes, referees' signals. Even thumb wrestling—a favorite sport of Norman Mailer.

THE SIX-MILLION-DOLLAR CUCUMBER, compiled by E. Richard Churchill, illustrated by Carol Nicklaus (Franklin Watts, $4.90). Riddles, familiar and unfamiliar. My eight-year-old broke up when I asked him why Santa had only seven reindeer on Christmas Eve, and then gave him the answer: because Comet was home cleaning the sink.

THE SILVER CREST: MY RUSSIAN BOYHOOD by Kornei Chukovsky, translated by Beatrice Stillman (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95). A real "reading book," wonderful in detail, about the author at age 11, in Odessa. The year is 1893. Quite funny.

GETTYSBURG: TAD LINCOLN'S STORY by F. N. Monjo, illustrated by Douglas Gorsline (Windmill/Dutton, $7.95). A most handsome production; the story of the climax of the Civil War as told by Lincoln's son. Some good Lincoln stories, and daguerreotype-like drawings of Lee, Stanton, Lincoln, etc. Stunning battle scenes.

THE ART OF AMERICA SINCE WORLD WAR II by Shirley Glubok (Macmillan, $7.95). Photographs of paintings and sculpture with explanatory text—roughly one page to an artist. Tries to make clear just what such artists as Johns, Indiana, Dine, Bontecou, Lindner are up to. The front cover (Frankenthaler) and back (Stella) are in full color. Frankly, I'm still bewildered by some of them.

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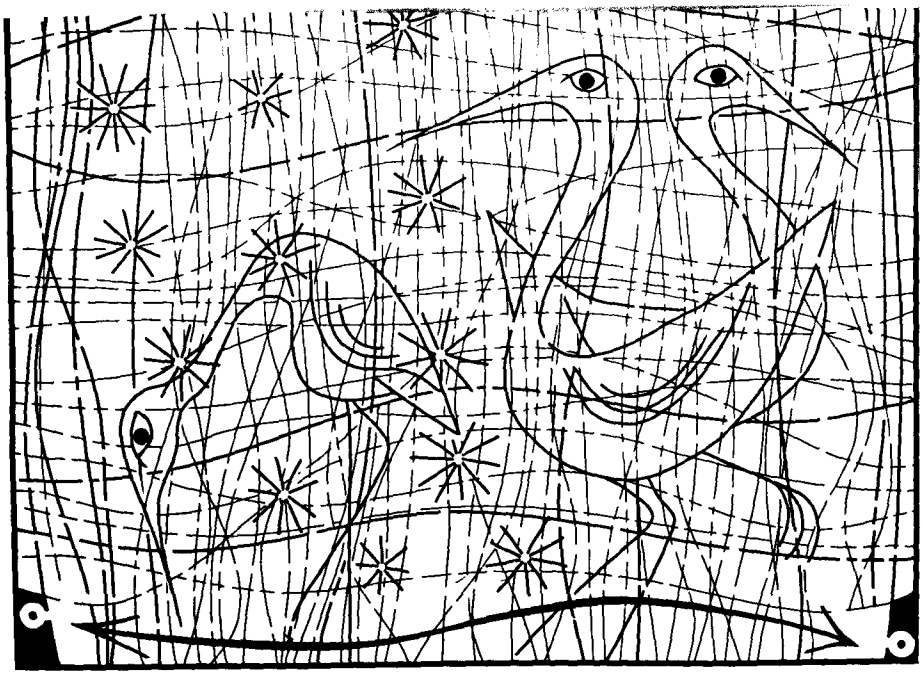


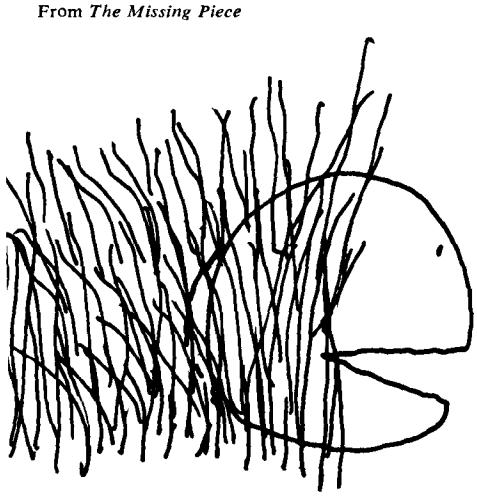
From *Mazes: 60 Beautiful and Beastly Labyrinths With Solutions*

MAZES: 60 BEAUTIFUL AND BEASTLY LABYRINTHS WITH SOLUTIONS by Rolf Myller (Pantheon, $2.95). This paperbound will drive you batty. A history of mazes, with perforated tear-out pages of mazes that are beautiful to look at but absolute hell to get out of. Mr. Myller makes the nice point that you can "do" a maze just as well by going from the end to the starting point. Never thought of that.

THE TENDER-HEARTED MATADOR by W. Vandersteen (Hiddigeigei Books, distributed by Book People, Berkeley, $2.50). One of a group of four paperbound comic books telling of the adventures of two kids, Willie and Wanda. If your child likes Tintin (I've seen kids poring over the Tintin books for hours at a time), he'll want these as well. They're translations from the Flemish, of all things.

Two good books of poetry for young people are being published this season: 4-WAY STOP by Myra Cohn Livingston, illustrated by James J. Spanfeller (Margaret McElderry/Atheneum, $4.95). A lot of funny poems, poems in shapes, limericks, haiku by a noted writer for children. FLASHLIGHT by Judith Thurman (Atheneum, $4.95). Skilled poems about such childhood occupations as skinning knees and sleeping in the backseat of the car. Lines like "My flashlight tugs me/through the dark/like a hound/with a yellow eye."

From *The Missing Piece*



For Younger Children (Roughly 3–8)

THE MISSING PIECE by Shel Silverstein (Harper & Row, $5.95). In simple line drawing, we have a dumpling-like object, with a wedge-shaped piece missing, bouncing along, singing, looking for the missing piece. Some pieces it encounters are too small, some too sharp, etc. Then, when it finally finds a piece that fits perfectly, it also finds that it can't sing anymore, so it discards the piece and goes off in search again. A discomfiting book, whose message seems to be that if you want to keep singing, stay single. It could catch on with the college kids, who made Silverstein's *The Giving Tree* such a fantastic success.

THE TYRANNOSAURUS GAME by Steven Kroll, illustrated by Tomie de Paola (Holiday House, $5.95). The only book this season that made me smile. A bunch of kids make up ridiculous stories about a large purple tyrannosaurus, which ends up King Kong-like atop the Empire State Building.

THE BED JUST SO by Jeanne B. Hardendorff, illustrated by Lisl Weil (Four Winds, $4.95). A tailor is haunted by a thing heretofore unknown to me, a hudgin, which keeps pulling his covers off at night. He tries different kinds of beds for the haunt, finally finding the right one.

GOOD WORK, AMELIA BEDELIA by Peggy Parish, illustrated by Lynn Sweat (Greenwillow, $5.95). The fifth book about the literal, if not feebleminded, maid who snips up a real sponge to make a sponge cake and pots the plants in the kitchen utensils. The book has a nice spirit.

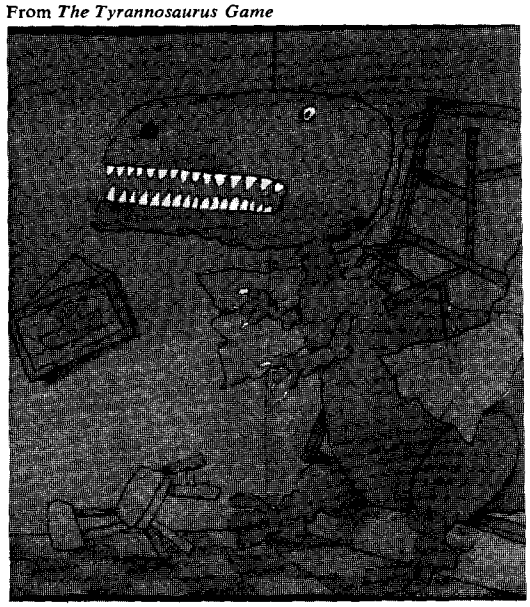
ISLAND TIME by Bette Lamont, illustrated by Brinton Turkle (Lippincott, $6.95). Handsomely illustrated story of father and daughter who spend a couple of weeks vacationing on an island in Puget Sound, and have a mild adventure with a stranded sailboat.

LITTLE THOUGH I BE by Joseph Low (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). A tale of a small younger brother who isn't much help around the farm, but he's buddy-buddy with animals, and they lead him to a golden bird. Mr. Low is a master of watercolor illustration.

THE TEENY TINY WOMAN by Barbara Seuling (Viking, $5.95). A retelling of the famous English ghost tale of the bitty woman who finds a stray bone and puts it in her cupboard, where it keeps shouting louder and louder, "Give me my bone!" (Why would a bone want a bone? Oh, well.) Little children will like the details in the drawings.

PETER PENNY'S DANCE by Janet Quin-Harkin, illustrated by Anita Lobel (Dial, $7.95). Peter, a 19th-century English sailor, is a dancin' fool, and he's challenged to dance his way around the world in five years, the reward to be the beautiful Lavinia. So of course he does it, with many adventures en route: bullfights, feasting with the Masai,

From *The Tyrannosaurus Game*



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dancing over the Great Wall. My only criticism is that the beautiful Lavinia looks pretty darn ugly.

POP! GOES THE WEASEL AND YANKEE DOODLE by Robert Quackenbush (Lippincott, $6.50). A Bicentennial entry. I opened the book with the hope that Quackenbush would explain what "Pop! goes the weasel" means. And he does. Beautiful color drawings of New York in 1776, maps, the words and melody lines of the songs.

THE FIRST MORNING: AN AFRICAN MYTH by Margery Bernstein and Janet Kobrin, illustrated by Enid Warner Romanek (Scribner's, $5.95). Ages ago, there was no light in the world, so the lion sent the mouse, the spider, and the fly to the king of the land above the sky to get some light down here. How they did it is the story. Stark black-and-white illustrations.

SPLODGES by Malcolm Carrick (Viking, $6.95). Shows how a young artist working with paints can turn "splodges" —drippings and mistakes—into pictures of trees, giraffes, butterflies, and so forth. A happy text which betrays its English origin by saying that somebody has "cheek."

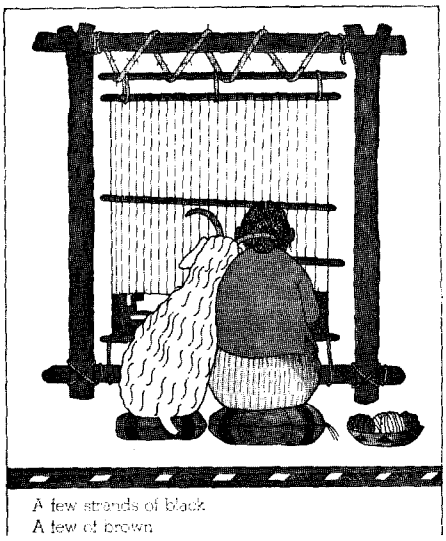
YOUR ANT IS A WHICH: FUN WITH HOMOPHONES by Bernice Kohn Hunt, illustrated by Jan Pyk (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $4.50 cloth, $1.65 paper). To introduce the devilry of the English language to the little ones. A series of little rhymes such as "A plum and a *pear* won ribbons/ At this year's country fair./ The farmer who'd raised them proudly said,/'By gosh, they're a peach of a *pair*.' " Well done—not *great*, but doesn't *grate*.

BUBBA AND BABBA by Maria Polushkin, illustrated by Diane de Groat (Crown, $5.95). Two lazy bears have the usual domestic problems, culminating in who's-gonna-wash-the-dishes, but a Good Samaritan comes along and cleans up the kitchen, thus shaming the bruins into resolving that they won't be so lazy in the future.

THE GOAT IN THE RUG by Charles L. Blood and Martin Link, illustrated by Nancy Winslow Parker (Parents' Magazine Press, $5.50). A goat's-eye view of how a Navajo rug is made, from the shearing of our supposed narrator ("Geraldine") to the dyeing and weaving. By the time the rug is finished, Geraldine has grown enough wool to start another one.

THE GOLDEN HAPPY BIRTHDAY BOOK, compiled by Barbara Shook Hazen, illustrated by Rosalyn Schanzer (Golden Press, $4.95). A compendium that will make the little ones even more manic than usual on birthdays. Party games, homemade favors, rhymes, jokes, birthdays around the world: "In Venezuela, the birthday child is sung to at school." Good value.

I LIKE OLD CLOTHES by Mary Ann Hoberman, illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast (Knopf, $4.95). Children love to wear funny clothes, old clothes, costumes, and here, in clever rhyme and imaginative drawings, are the by-now-obligatory mix of black and white children having a high time of it dressing up. The final spread has stark-naked kids lining up without regard to sex and coming into a living room that contains a huge box of old clothes for the trying on.



From *The Goat in the Rug*

A WALK THROUGH THE WOODS by May Sarton, illustrated by Kazue Mizumura (Harper & Row, $5.50). Just what it says—a walk through the woods on a spring day with a dog and a cat. Nice details—the cat "makes a fat tail" at the dog, the dog smells an invisible animal.

IRISH: THE STORY OF A GIRL AND HER HORSE, photographs and text by Arnold Dobrin (Walker, $6.95). A book for horse-crazy girls (that's the stage immediately before boy-crazy). We're on location in gorgeous County Dublin, Ireland, with young Eileen and her first horse, and the general idea is that they get to know and like one another, splashing along the strand and jumping over small fences.

BY GEORGE, BLOOMERS! by Judith St. George, illustrated by Margot Tomes (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $4.69). Hannah was a young neighbor of Amelia Bloomer in Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. Hannah's mother thought bloomers on young ladies were undignified, although Hannah yearned to wear them. And sure enough, through a concatenation of circumstances, she does. Charming period illustrations, and a neat tale neatly told.

SKUNK FOR A DAY by Roger Caras, illustrated by Diane Paterson (Windmill/ Dutton, $4.95). Fascinating stuff about the little stinkers. They like one another's smell, which is fortunate. In one episode, a dog starts to attack, but when it is 12 feet away the skunk gives him "two short blasts with the twin nozzles under his

From *Peter Penny's Dance*

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From *I Like Old Clothes*

tail." And what do you clean a dog, or person, with after a skunk encounter? Tomato juice!

THE EEL'S STRANGE JOURNEY by Judi Friedman, illustrated by Gail Owens (Crowell, $5.95). Mysterious fellows, these. They're born in the Sargasso Sea, when partly grown make their way to the Atlantic Coast, and thence upriver to freshwater ponds. Then, after months of hibernation, back to the Sargasso to mate and lay some 6 million eggs each. The illustrations are particularly clear.

HENNY PENNY, "as told by" Veronica S. Hutchinson, illustrated by Leonard B. Lubin (Little, Brown, $4.95). The pictures are the thing. You know the story of the collapsing sky. Mr. Lubin has dressed his barnyard creatures in 18th-century costume—very elaborate—and given them houses and backgrounds to match. Foxy Woxy, in the final picture, sits in his beautiful chair, his port to hand, picking his teeth.

BULLFROG GROWS UP by Rosamond Dauer, illustrated by Byron Barton (Greenwillow/Morrow, $5.95). Two mouse brothers bring home a tiny tadpole, which eventually becomes a member of the family. Trouble is, he becomes bigger than all of them put together, and loves them very much. What to do? It's worth buying this funny book to see.

ONLY SILLY PEOPLE WASTE by Norah Smaridge, illustrated by Mary Carrithers (Abingdon, $4.25). You don't *need* all that toothpaste! Why *five* paper towels when one will do? Why did you waste all those Band-Aids? So I've heard myself thundering, and here's the book to back up my vexation. Well-wrought rhymes about the above, as well as too much shampoo, leaving lights on, losing mittens, and other children's carelessnesses.

POOR GOOSE by Anne Rockwell (Crowell, $6.50). The goose has a headache and decides to make a trip to the faraway castle for a curative cup of peppermint tea. On the way she meets with free-roving friends—the cat, the lamb, and the cow. They get lost in the dark and end up at the house of a poor old woman who needs them very much. So they stay. Beautiful color, amusing and endearing illustrations.

From *Henny Penny*

Note: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has three books coming this spring that I would dearly have loved to review, but there was nothing ready to show me at press time. From the past records of the authors, they *should* be the best books of the season: William Steig's new novel for teenagers, *Abel's Island*, is about a castaway mouse; Valerie Worth has written a book called *More Small Poems*, also for older kids—I much admired her *Small Poems*; and the great Maurice Sendak, in collaboration with Matthew Margolis, a noted dog trainer, has come up with *Some Swell Pup: Or, Are You Sure You Want a Dog?* for small children. Word is that we'll see in the Sendak graphics one of the hitherto undelineated drawbacks to having a puppy. □

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PRESTON JONES
Playwright on the Range

Texas has spawned a writer who just might turn out to be another O'Neill.

by Bruce Cook

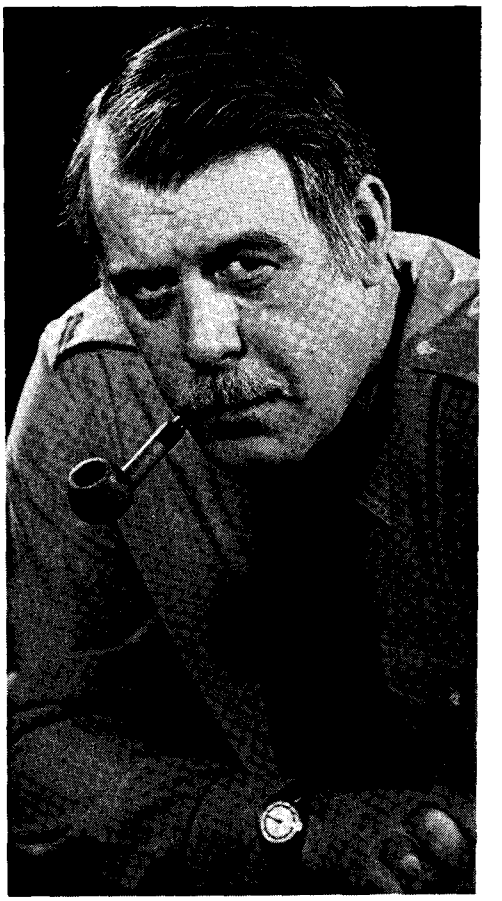
Audrey Wood rode in my car to the theater. She is a personage, the doyenne of New York agents; her clients include Tennessee Williams, Arthur Kopit, Murray Schisgal, and Robert Anderson. We were on our way to the first-night performance of a new play by another of her writers, the first new client she has taken on in years. His name is Preston Jones, and, oh yes, this is Dallas and not New York. When playwright and agent pledged their troth a little over a year ago, Miss Wood was heard to remark with a sigh, "I never thought that at my age I'd take on a trilogy." But take it on she did, for Preston Jones's trio of west Texas plays, *LuAnn Hampton Laverty Oberlander*, *The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolias*, and *The Oldest Living Graduate*, proved quite irresistible to her. These plays—known collectively as *A Texas Trilogy*—are being presented by the Kennedy Center in repertory for a 10-week season ending June 27. Robert Whitehead and Roger L. Stevens, the producers, plan to bring the Jones plays to Broadway in October.

But here we are, Audrey Wood and I, driving off to the Dallas Theater Center for the opening of yet another Preston Jones play, *A Place on the Magdalena Flats*, his fourth since he suddenly broke out in a rash of composition in April 1973. "Preston has had so much experience in the theater," she says, "that he's inclined to let a director he trusts simply proceed—oh, he's very professional. But I said to him, 'Now, Preston, this New York opening is going to be terribly important, and you *must* be there with Alan [Schneider] to keep an eye on casting.' And then I had the funniest feeling that perhaps he'd never been to New York, ever, at all, and so I asked him. Ah, but it turned out that yes, he had. He said, 'Sure, Audrey,' in that cowboy way of his. 'I was there in 1962 for two days. Nice town. I liked it.'" Miss Wood laughed, savoring him as a character. "Has there ever been a playwright quite like him?" she asked.

Probably not. Preston Jones is, after all, an original, a walking bundle of contradictions, and just incidentally the most promising American playwright to come along in two or three decades. Though he has yet to receive a notice from a New York critic, he is already a playwright of some national standing, owing to productions under the auspices of the American Playwrights Theater of *The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolias*. These productions—past, current, and upcoming—have been given by some of the nation's finest resident professional companies—the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., Houston's Alley Theater, the Cleveland Playhouse, and the Seattle Repertory, among others. And although he is a conscious artist and a closet intellectual, he plays the role of the good ol' boy from west Texas (well, New Mexico, actually) so convincingly in his broad-brimmed Stetson and custom-made boots that even his best friends barely suspect him.

He's comfortable that way here in Dallas. Just follow Preston Jones around to his local haunts, as I did, and you get a sense that the man is at ease in his surroundings here in a way he could never be in, say, New York. We started talking in a back booth at the Roundtable, a beer bar near the theater, with a pitcher of Old Milwaukee between us and Willie Nelson on the jukebox. He stretches out his long legs, pours himself a steinful, and lets you know what's on his mind: "People come down here, and they ask me, 'How long you going to stay in Dallas?'—like I'd want to get out just as soon as ever I could. And I tell them, 'Hell, forever!'

"I'm not kidding myself about this business. Why, *Magdalena* could fall flat on its *Flats* tomorrow night, and so may the *Texas Trilogy* in New York. You never know. But right here, this is home. I know I can operate here, and so this is where I see my future. Oh, it's got its problems. I've leaped from total obscurity to a certain amount of prominence—not a lot, but a lot for Dallas. The advantages of being here as a playwright—my God, they're just enormous. I've got a theater, a boss, Paul Baker, who really wants to do new plays, good directors, and talented actors."



Jones himself is a talented actor as

Bruce Cook, a free-lance writer, is the author of Listen to the Blues.

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well, with 13 years of solid experience behind him, and in the right role he can be nothing short of brilliant.Through the years he has been one of the busiest in the Dallas Theater Center company—owing partly to a knack he has of adding years at will à la Walter Brennan and coming across convincingly as much older than his 39 years. "When all this is over, I'm really anxious to get on the boards again—*not* in my own plays, though. I've had it with that. I did L.D. in *Knights of the White Magnolias*, and when I got to Washington and saw Henderson Forsythe do it at the Arena, I nearly gave up acting. Trouble is, I tend to listen as a playwright to my own words in my own plays—and you should have more concentration than that."

He quaffed off the last of his beer and called to T.A., the bearded bartender, for another pitcher. "I'll tell you," he continues, "the play that really affected me, turned everything around for me, was *Our Town*, which we did a few years ago. I played the stage manager. And I remember thinking while we were working on it that if I could write a play as beautiful as that, well, I'd quit." Which is to say, he started writing in order to try.

One thing acting has done for him is to make a better playwright of him, one with a keener, truer sense of what will play onstage than others who lack his experience. English dramatists from John Whiting, to John Osborne, to Harold Pinter have had it—but who in America? Once you see a Preston Jones play —*any* Preston Jones play—you will be struck by the dramatic rightness of it, a sense of emotional rhythm that comes from long intimacy with audiences and a sure knowledge of what it is they will respond to. Unlike many American playwrights, he respects his audience, has a real affection for it.

"I think my acting experience has taught me to use the actor as a storyteller. I think a lot of the time the actor can tell the offstage story better than the action can be shown onstage. And just in general, it's taught me to trust actors—the bits of business, the ad libs they contribute, they're almost always right. And you'll find these scattered all through my plays. I take whatever I can get."

Preston Jones and scene from Magdalena Flats—*"He has struck a vein of true poetry in the common speech of the region."*
Photographs: Linda Blase

PRESTON JONES will tell you that his best night in the theater was the New Year's Eve before last, when the Dallas Theater Center was doing the entire *Texas Trilogy* nightly in a marathon performance lasting from 7 P.M. to 2 A.M., with supper served in the lobby at around 10. This approach emphasized the novelistic quality of the trilogy, which Jones himself describes as "kind of Faulknery."

He was having a little trouble recalling the precise order of the acts, so he called out, "Hey, Roger!" and beckoned to a stocky, bearded young man from his perch at the bar. Roger Richards, who had acted in the trilogy, came over at a nice, dignified amble.

"Yeah, Preston?"

Jones put the problem before him and together they worked it out. The two of them fell to talking about the production, and they agreed that it was sure one hell of a night. "One ol' boy from west Texas was in the lobby," said Roger, "and he was just poppin' corks and slurpin' champagne and saying over and over, 'God bless Colorado City! God bless Colorado City!' "

"Colorado City?" I asked. "What's that got to do with it?"

That, it turns out, is the Bradleyville of the trilogy. Roger Richards grew up in the town, and Preston Jones spent a couple of years there in the Fifties, when he was, among other things, a highway engineer—as is Corky Oberlander in *LuAnn*. "We never really knew each other, though," says Roger. "I was just a kid when he left."

A Texas Trilogy, which its author has jokingly dubbed "a long day's journey into west Texas," is the sort of work that seems at once new and familiar. Certainly the picture it offers of small-town life in America, its frustrations, illusions, and dashed dreams, is consistent with similar views shown us by writers as different as Sinclair Lewis, William Inge, and, sure enough, Thornton Wilder. LuAnn Hampton Laverty Oberlander's two husbands do less to shape the stuff of her life, which is grinding, dispiriting boredom, than does her gradual awareness of opportunities missed and roads not taken: hers is a kind of tragedy of omission.

What is new in these three west Texas plays of Jones's is, first of all, their characters. They are all sharply drawn—not types, but people of dimension and substance. And at least one of them is a gold-plated original: Col. J. C. Kinkaid, the oldest living graduate of Mirabeau B. Lamar Military Academy, who experiences a shattering moment of truth during what proves to be the final meeting of a masonic-style lodge, the

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Knights of the White Magnolias, which lines up a little to the right of the KKK. And just as fresh as the characters is the language in which they proclaim their existence. Preston Jones has struck a vein of true poetry in the common speech of the region, and he mines it artfully, drawing from it not just humor (though there is plenty of that in all three plays) but also pathos and suffering.

"What about the new play?" I ask Preston Jones.

"Well," he says, "I always said I'd write a play about my brother, and this is it. He more or less raised me, for better or for worse. The story is my own doing, but the central character is drawn right from life—from him. He was a Bataan veteran, one of those New Mexico National Guard boys who survived the goddamn Death March and sat out the war in a Japanese prison camp. Well, as you can imagine, it changed his whole life. He's still very bitter. And the play's about afterward—how it did change his life when he settled on this ranch he had."

"Will he be there when it opens tomorrow night?"

"No, he won't. He never has seen a play of mine, though he did see me act once—but that was back home in college. I couldn't get him away from Grants, New Mexico, where he lives. He's a cattle inspector there, and he says it's just too hard to get away. Who knows? Maybe later on he'll see it."

If he does, he's sure to be moved by it. *A Place on the Magdalena Flats* is in many ways a stronger, more personal play than any of the three that make up the *Texas Trilogy*. True enough, it exists in a raw-edged and more plainly emotional state than do the others, but the qualities that commend Preston Jones's plays to an audience—their characters and language, and especially the style of extravagant storytelling that is a hallmark of his work—are all richly evident in *Magdalena Flats*. The audience loved it. The playwright was pleased.

And what about his severest critic? At the party that followed the performance, Audrey Wood took me aside and fixed me with her eye. "Well," she asked, "what did you think of it?"

I told her I liked it, more than liked it, that the play had moved me.

She nodded, accepting what I had said and agreeing. "Yes," she said severely, "it's good. It needs some work, but it's certainly good. He's remarkable, isn't he?" □

Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Opera and the Power That Corrupts

A week that brings to three Eastern cities the first American performances of unfamiliar operas hardly needs more to qualify as extraordinary. But, even more remarkably, two of them (excluding Thomas Pasatieri's *Ines Castro* in Baltimore) confront the same basic theme, celebrated by Lord Acton: power and what it does to those who possess it. Roger Sessions's *Montezuma* (produced by the Opera Company of Boston) focuses on Mexico in 1519; Josef Tal's *Ashmedai* (produced by the New York City Opera) dissembles period and place as "Once Upon a Time" in "A Mythical Kingdom." Neither has much future in the operatic repertory, but each adds one more example to a specific aspect of the effort to create a 20th-century kind of musical theater.

In Sessions's brontosaurus of a score, the emphasis is strongly on rhythmic drive and heavily accented percussion—not unlike Darius Milhaud's *Cristophe Colomb* (a mariner to whom Sessions's Montezuma makes reference in the poetic text of G. Antonio Borgese). Both works, curiously, had their first performances in Berlin: Milhaud's in 1930, Sessions's in 1964. Sarah Caldwell, producer-conductor of the Boston company, has been stalking *Montezuma* almost as long as she has been presenting opera. All efforts having failed to discover a more suitable locale, she finally settled for the shabby playpen called the Orpheum Theater, which Bostonians impose on her as a liability for daring to enlighten them. The theater lacks an orchestra pit, and has a stage depth hardly sufficient to perform a pirouette, but she nevertheless brought off a presentation with the vitality and the validity to demonstrate both the pros and the cons of Sessions's acoustical scheme.

This scheme is heavily loaded (as suggested above) on the side of the instrumental, rather than the vocal, participants in the score. Doubtless the results would have been altered if the orchestra sound had been distributed from a pit, rather than from the visible wall of players between Miss Caldwell and the stage, but the difference would have been only in degree, not in kind. As a result, the effect on the English text was all but mortal: portions of it could be heard in recitative or song speech, but almost as much more was muffled by a blanket of brass and percussion. Worst of all was its intrusion on the all-important narration by Donald Gramm of the text that links the dozen or so scenes in the three acts. Gramm's much-admired ability to speak or sing the English language was constantly compromised by intrusive twitters and chirps from woodwinds and strings, which added little to musical meaning and everything to distracting the ear from what he was declaiming.

As melody per se was seldom present, power and effect were concentrated in the instrumental episodes for dances in Acts 2 and 3. These had line and design, and provided a suitably exciting pulse for what was performed. But even so experienced a singer as Richard Lewis could do little, against awkward writing in a high voice range, to make his Montezuma an embodiment of awesome power. When circumstances permitted, Brent Ellis gave vitality to the young Cortez, with Alexander Stevenson as Bernal Diaz the Young, his principal adjutant. Among other performers in smaller male roles, Joey Evans as Pedro de Alvarado captured the attention. Phyllis Bryn-Julson, a compelling singer and a resourceful actress, was the native

Sessions (right) with Montezuma *cast —"A brontosaurus of a score."*

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(Malinche) who attached herself to Cortez, to the scorn of her countrymen and women.

Given the aural circumstances, much of the idea and imagery in the script was expounded by the visualization of them in Miss Caldwell's resourceful production. According to prior custom, she had choruses descending from boxes on staircases to the stage, arising from traps (whose doors had to be shut after them, lest some other performer unintentionally vanish from view), as well as inching in from the nonexistent wings. To accommodate the excellent choreography of Amalia Hernandez (the director of Mexico's famous Ballet Folklorico), Miss Caldwell's production had the dancers moving diagonally into the auditorium along a broad ramp at stage left.

Mexico 1519 was evoked by means of scrims on which projections were displayed, or shadows made into substance by backlighting. Their neutral tint in Act 1 hardly prepared one for the sunburst of color with which designers Herbert Senn and Helen Pond illuminate the stage (by means of hanging disks with Aztec emblems or abstract backdrops) when the scene shifts from the Gulf Coast, where Cortez landed his armed men, to the capital (Tenochtitlán) in quest of Montezuma's treasure. The discourses, in the text, on the Europeans' avidity for the metal that the Aztecs treasured for its beauty could have made striking theater, especially as prelude to the scene in which Aztec spears are subdued by Spanish cannon and musket, and the oppressed, exploited, and vindictive subjects of Montezuma stone him to death. But this would have required a dedication to the kind of theatrical purpose which Delfina Vargas brought to one set of costumes (Aztec) and Mabel Astarloa to another (Spanish), but which was lacking in Sessions's consistently non-vocal, continuously overweighted score.

TAL's *Ashmedai* treats kingly privilege from a satiric, more than a little ribald, point of view, of which the late Robert Kurka's *The Good Soldier Schweik* is a potent example. For "King," read "Duce" or "Fuhrer," and for "Ashmedai" (an ancient Hebrew equivalent of "Mefistofele"), a new Satan incarnate, and you have the philosophic frame for this provocative work (first performed in Hamburg in 1971). It is, essentially, a parable of duplicity, in which a well-meaning, inept ruler (Field Marshal Hindenburg?) is induced by a satanic visitor to relinquish his throne for a year of leisure and relaxation. At first, all is freedom and bounty for the false King's people; but when the reckoning is finally rendered, it is the real King who must bear the responsibility, rather than the usurper—who, at the evening's end, is found by a spotlight, leering from a side box at the audience.

A climactic flourish to the visual virtuosity applied to the subject by Harold Prince (director-producer of the current *Pacific Overtures* and other notable musicals of recent Broadway seasons), in his opera debut, it is a simple indication of how much a vitalizing, unifying imagination can bring to the stage, whether occupied by a musical, a melodrama, or an opera. To be sure, Tal's score is, for the most part, in a post-Schoenberg idiom of scrappy thematic fragments in the orchestra and half-spoken interjections in the voices. Thus there are few formal musical structures (duets, ensembles, etc.) to impair Prince's stylizing impulse. Scenery is at a minimum: two bleacherlike structures by Eugene Lee are its principal components. But they can swivel, roll, or stand back-to-back to bear the burden of the "decor"—which is primarily the people of the play, a chorus made mobile, as the generating factor in the action.

But what action! It varies from a monstrously funny mock-military drill squad (with every endowment except grace, proficiency, and discipline) to a gaudy symbol of the starvation that eventually stalks the land: a giant rooster that finally crumbles to the floor in feathers when the hungry mob falls upon it. The comic motives are not merely picturesque, but Chaplinesque: the drill squad out of *Shoulder Arms*, the *Gold Rush* for the edible fantasy. Each, in its way, defines the vocabulary of action Prince is exploiting.

These are mentionable high points in a plan that, for a work in the operatic tradition, is almost defiantly lacking in visual stereotypes and clichés. To define *Ashmedai* as a *work* rather than as an opera is to take into account its use of electronic, amplified, and other artificial sound sources. But it is also to appreciate how much Prince's insistence on clarity in the delivery of Alan Marbe's excellent English text does to sustain listener attention. Gratefully, a melodic surge is not excluded from Tal's conception, and the last, undulating one—entrusted to the King's daughter as the once-mighty monarch lies crushed by his subjects—

Beth Bergman

John Lankston in Ashmedai—*"Defiantly lacking in visual clichés."*

is a beautiful rounding out of a sound pattern in which beauty is purposefully held at arm's length.

A carefully selected group of performers, clearly screened for intelligibility as well as audibility, rotated around the excellent principals: John Lankston (a properly lanky Ashmedai), Paul Ukena (something less imperial than Otto Soglow's Little King), Eileen Schauler (a vibrantly raucous Queen), Gianna Rolandi (a daughter to the King if not to his royal wife), and Richard Taylor (Prince). Gary Bertini, of Israel Philharmonic fame, made his New York operatic debut in a way that gave director Julius Rudel all aces in the hand he drew for this winning operatic venture. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 58

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 61.*

HJBQNQEZBHV NQ C WCQEZ DZLZG EACE JBGV HAZCW XZB HAZTNQA.

—LNGGNCX CGGZB LANEZ

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Dance

by Walter Terry

A Nation's Mirror

Yugoslavia

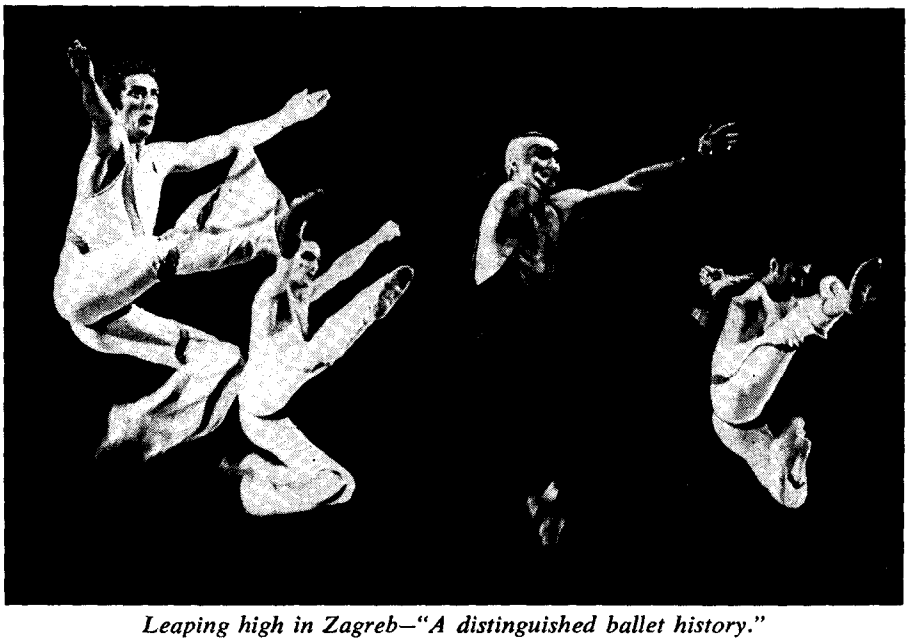
The degree to which women have been liberated from social bondage may be fairly measured, in certain cultures, by the art of classical ballet. This I found dramatically illustrated in Sarajevo, the Bosnian city where the spark was struck that ignited World War I. Sarajevo, occupied by the Turks for five centuries (and by the Austrians for 50 years), is a Muslim city. Minarets reach skyward, and the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer is a common sound. Before World War I, more than 96 percent of the women were illiterate. They were veiled. They were sheltered. They were imprisoned by religious custom.

Today, the Muslim women of Sarajevo are no longer illiterate, veiled, confined. At the National Opera House in Sarajevo, they have replaced long dresses, robes, and shawls with leotards and tights. Males who are neither husbands nor fathers may touch them freely in dance performances. The freedom their grandmothers never dreamed of is symbolized by ballet, for more than half of the female dancers in the Ballet of the National Theater at Sarajevo are of Muslim faith and heritage.

The ballet troupe, sharing the stage with opera and drama, gives about two performances a week from October through June. Since it is a very young company, dancers are recruited directly for the theater (the majority of the men dancers are Rumanian), but a ballet school is soon to be established within the Sarajevo Music School, graduating the best local children into the company.

The present company—performing Mondays and Tuesdays for audiences composed of young people of grammar-school age or for working youth, and on Fridays for university students, in addition to the adult presentations—offers programs that include not only the standard ballet classics (*Swan Lake*, of course) but also ballets rooted in the heritage of the Yugoslav Republic of Bosnia-Hercegovina, of which Sarajevo is the capital. These ballets include *Legend of Ochrid*, based on the story of freedom-fighting during the Turkish occupation; *Wife of Hassan Aga*, a folk-epic poem two centuries old and once viewed by both Goethe and Pushkin as "the acme of folk accomplishment"; and a brand-new ballet using a Muslim theme and with a score composed by a Sarajevo Muslim artist. These were not in repertory during my short stay in Sarajevo, but the eagerness and personableness of the dancers (though they were limited in technical skills) in rehearsal, and the enthusiasm of directors and administrators for the planned ballet academy and for ballets born of the rich lore of Bosnia-Hercegovina, augur well for ballet in beautiful and historic Sarajevo.

Zagreb, the capital of the Yugoslav Republic of Croatia, has a distinguished ballet history spanning a full century. It has given us the fabulously beautiful international prima ballerina of the Thirties and Forties Mia Slavenska; Milko Sparemblek, for some seasons ballet director and principal choreographer of the Metropolitan Opera; Milorad Miskovitch, international *premier danseur*; Veronica Mlakar, of the American Ballet Theater; and many more.



Leaping high in Zagreb—"A distinguished ballet history."

The program I attended in the elegant 1890s Zagreb Opera House (a miniature version of the Vienna Opera) included a Croatian folkloric ballet, *The Gingerbread Heart*, in which the real-life scenes and the *real* hero and heroine were represented through folk dance while the *dream* hero and heroine in the fantasy scene were classical dancers. This is hardly an ideal melding of folkloric action and classical ballet, but this fantasy-reality device is common not only in Yugoslavia but also in the U.S.S.R. and other Eastern European countries.

The company also performed its version of Rodion Shchedrin's ballet score (composed for the Bolshoi's Maya Plisetskaya) of *Carmen Suite* (based on Bizet themes). This *Carmen* music is popular in the Socialist countries, and various choreographers have had a whack at it. The Zagreb version, choreographed by Miljenko Vikic, is probably the best, but that is not to suggest overwhelming enthusiasm. The ensemble dances are balletic, with an overlay of Spanish dancing, and only Carmen herself is on *pointe*, using the toe shoe mainly to stab or strut or rise to a stance of arrogance.

Through videotape, I saw three Sparemblek ballets—*Opus 43* (Beethoven), *Sonata* (Debussy), *Trijumf Afrodite* (Orff)—which were far and away the best contemporary ballets I saw anywhere in the Communist countries. Admittedly, there were strong Western influences: old-time Ted Shawn men dancers brandishing clenched fists (not "party" salutes!) and Shawn costuming style in *Opus 43*, along with some Martha Graham-like pelvic pushes and falls, hints of Balanchine's *Apollo*, a bow in the general direction of John Butler's *Carmina Burana* (also Orff). But these, I hasten to add, are choreographic influ-

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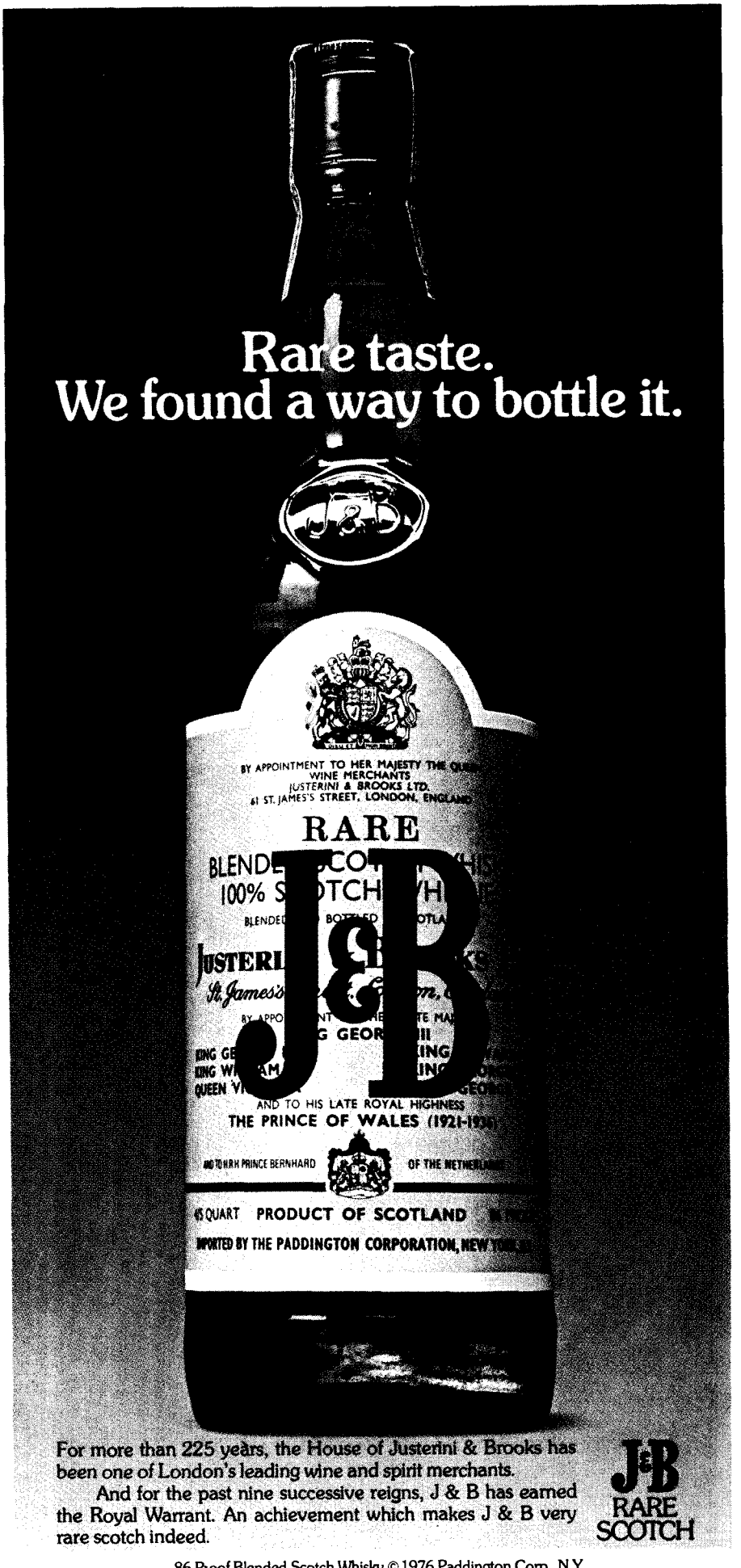
ences rather than a series of "step-borrowings," and Sparemblek has structured them into his own choreographic concepts imaginatively and to highly theatrical effect. Production designs, including excellent projections and good lighting, were wholly professional, and the dancers, among them Dinko Bogdanic, known to American audiences through his appearances with the Pittsburgh Ballet Theater, were especially strong in the Sparemblek works.

It was downhill, balletically, north to Ljubljana, capital of the Yugoslav Republic of Slovenia. Here I saw another version of *Carmen*, this one choreographed by a Rumanian, Oleg Danovski, and incorporating the worst features of the Zagreb staging and of the initial Alberto Alonso choreography made for Plisetskaya and the Bolshoi. Furthermore, if a choreographer can't keep time in his steps to Bizet rhythms, he's in deep trouble. The troubles intensified in Danovski's version of Michel Fokine's classic *Les Sylphides*, which was about 50 percent Fokine steps (not necessarily in sequence), a bit of the "finger" fairy variation from Petipa's *The Sleeping Beauty*, and large hunks of Danovski distorting both pattern and phrasing of the Fokine original. Why not get the real *Les Sylphides*? It's available in authentic form throughout the ballet world.

The Ljubljana Ballet also suffered from the separation of school and company (like Sarajevo, but unlike Zagreb) and the fact that the dancers worked only two hours a day and could (according to those I spoke to) skip rehearsals if aches or pains or imagined indispositions struck them, all without fear of dismissal because they were state employees (even the Royal Swedish Ballet is cursed with a system that makes it almost impossible to fire anyone). However, a company linkup with a separate but competent (at brief glance) ballet academy, and new choreography that challenged as well as interested the performers, could work wonders in short order. If Croatia (in Zagreb ballet) has done it with great success, and if Bosnia-Hercegovina (at Sarajevo) will be launching a new ballet era soon, why not Slovenia (in lovely Ljubljana)?

Because of drama and movie festivities while I was in Belgrade, there was no ballet to be seen (of course, the nation's capital offers ballet as well as its most distinguished theater enterprises), but Zagreb always was and remains the capital of Yugoslav ballet. □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Photography

by Margaret R. Weiss

Caponigro's Sense of Site

Regardless of photography's preoccupation with more topical arenas of investigation, the medium continues to be handsomely rewarded by those who focus their lenses on the landscape. Some of the major contributors turn to camera exploration of nature only periodically when their customary subjects pall. Others, such as Paul Caponigro, have found in the natural site their main source of inspiration and discovery.

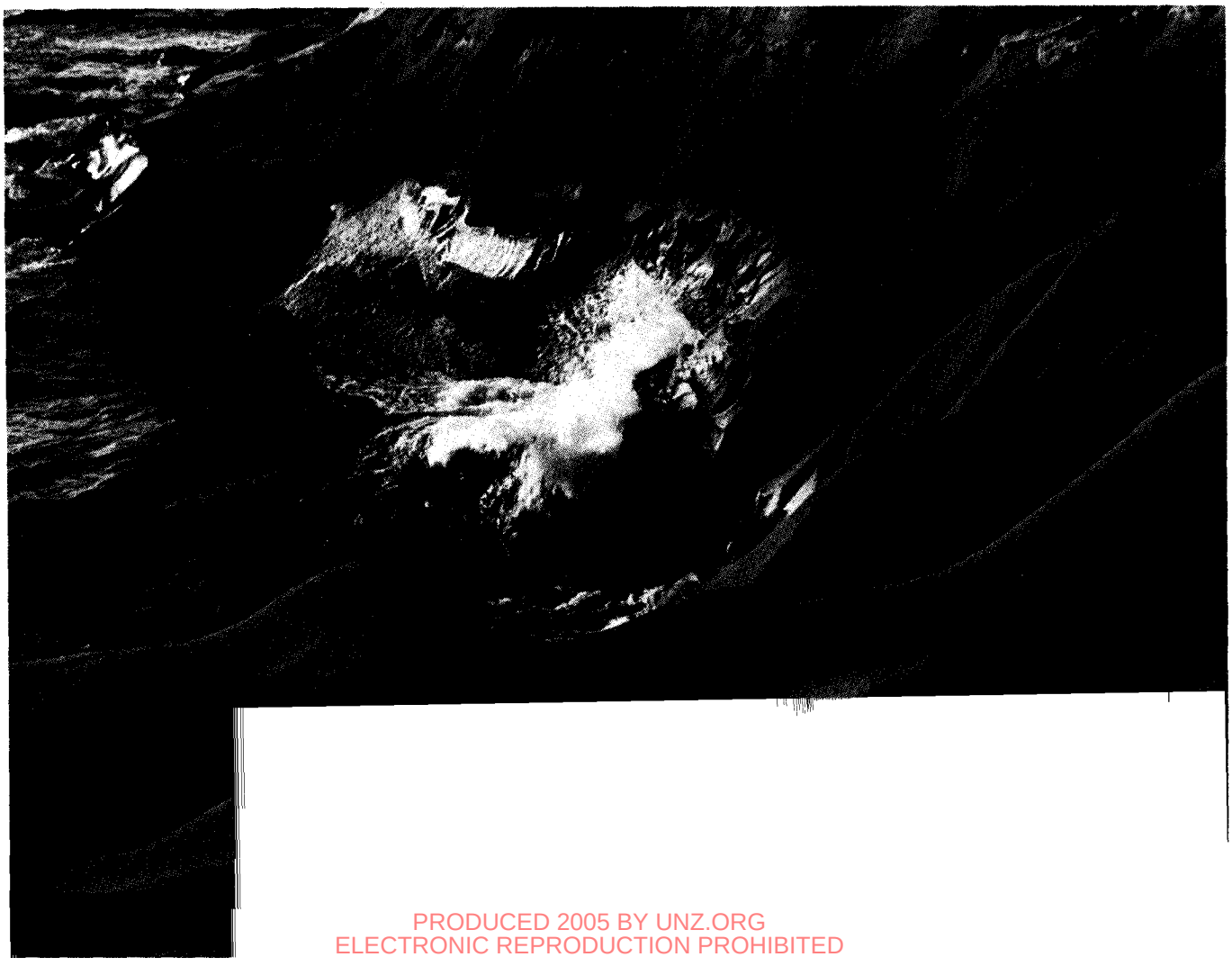
In his latest monograph, *Landscape*, Caponigro capsules his parallel development as a photographer and observer of nature. Attempting to summarize the lessons of 20 years in a matter of 74 prints and a few hundred words—however well chosen both may be—is an act of derring-do. Yet within this Spartan format he manages to convey considerable insight into his creative purpose, the direction of his search, and the maturation of an individual credo.

The selected prints bypass some of his most compelling impressions (notably those of Stonehenge and the sunflower cycle), but there is ample evidence that his interest is in "making visible the forces moving in and through nature . . . the landscape behind the landscape." For this, subjects must go beyond the merely picturesque, and neither pictorialism nor painterly technique suffices. Successful evocation demands that the scene be *sensed* as well as seen; the little landscape that reveals the larger one depends more on immanent atmosphere than on the specifics of terrain or geography.

While the result is unmistakable, it eludes analysis or definition. (A. E. Housman's answer when asked to define poetry comes to mind: "I can no more define it than a terrier can define a rat. We both recognize the effect by the symptoms it produces in us.") Discussing his viewfinding experiences, the photographer often resorts to musical metaphor—not surprising when one recalls that he prepared for a career in

▲ *Woods, Redding, Conn., 1969*

▼ *Cape Kiwanda, Ore., 1959*



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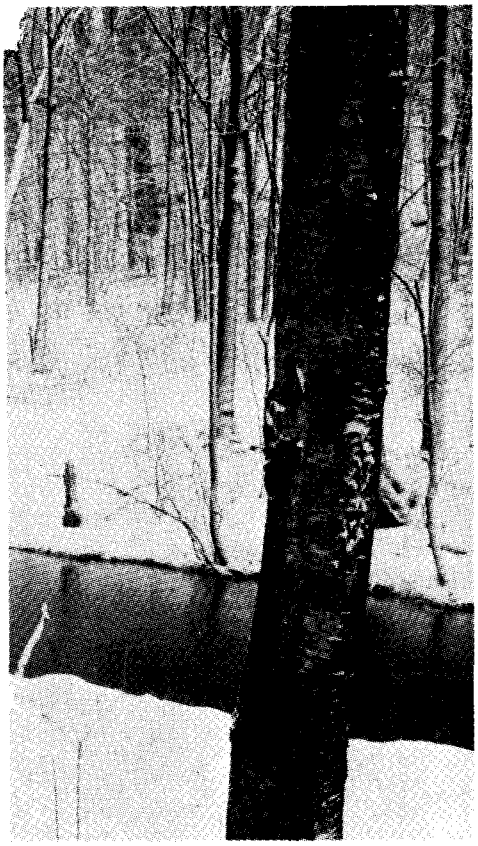
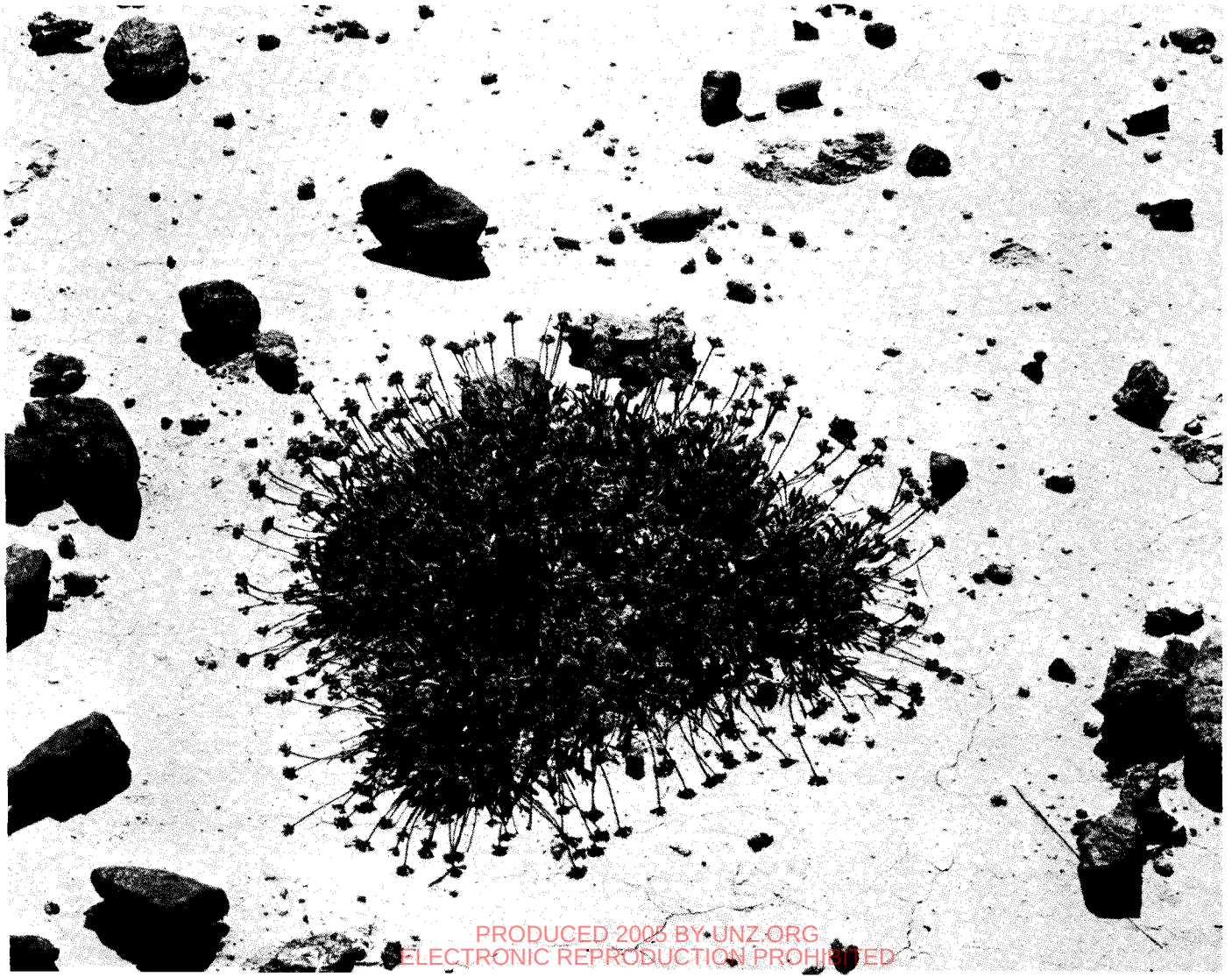


▲ *New Mexico, 1973*

▼ *Badlands, S. Dak., 1959*



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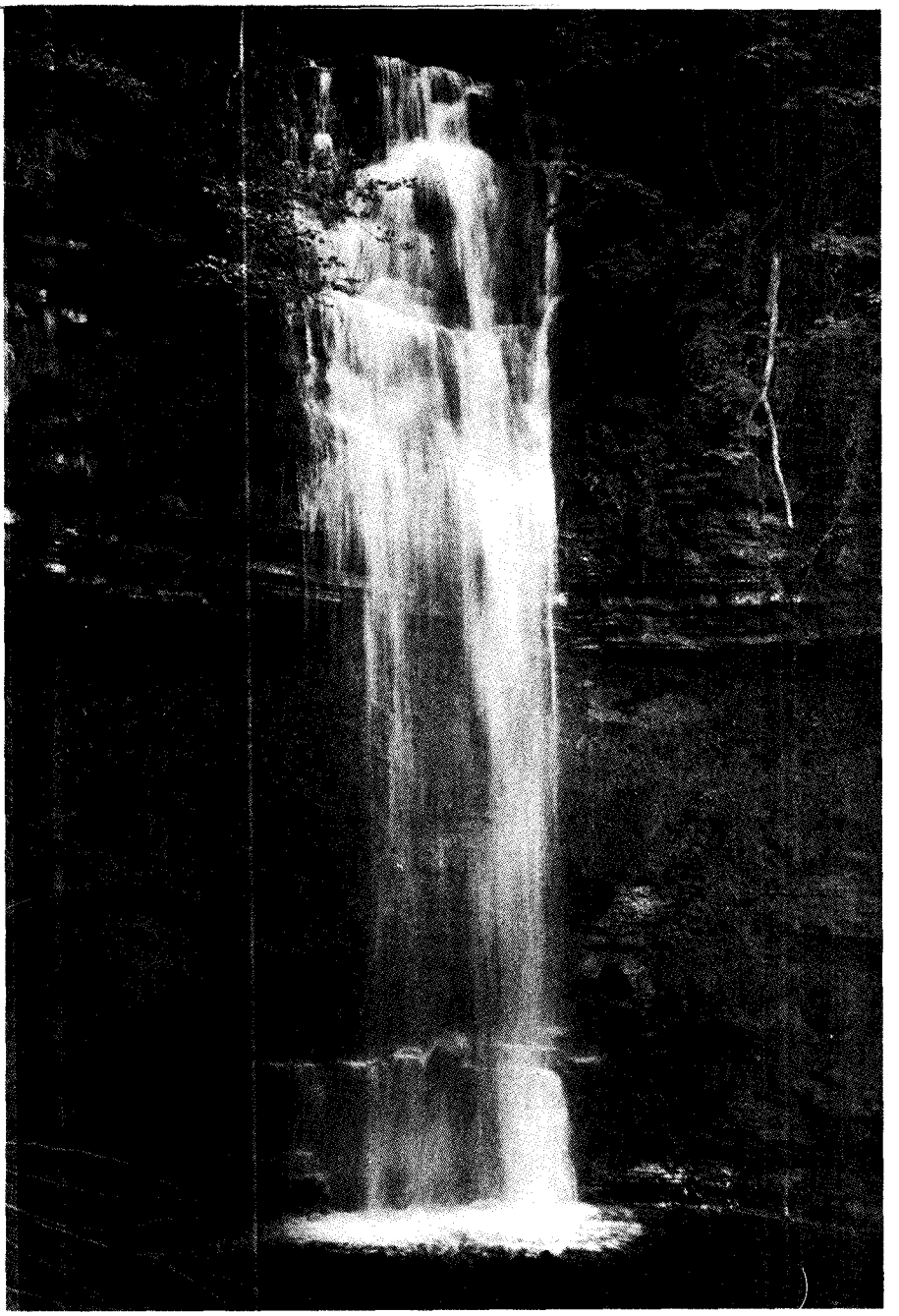
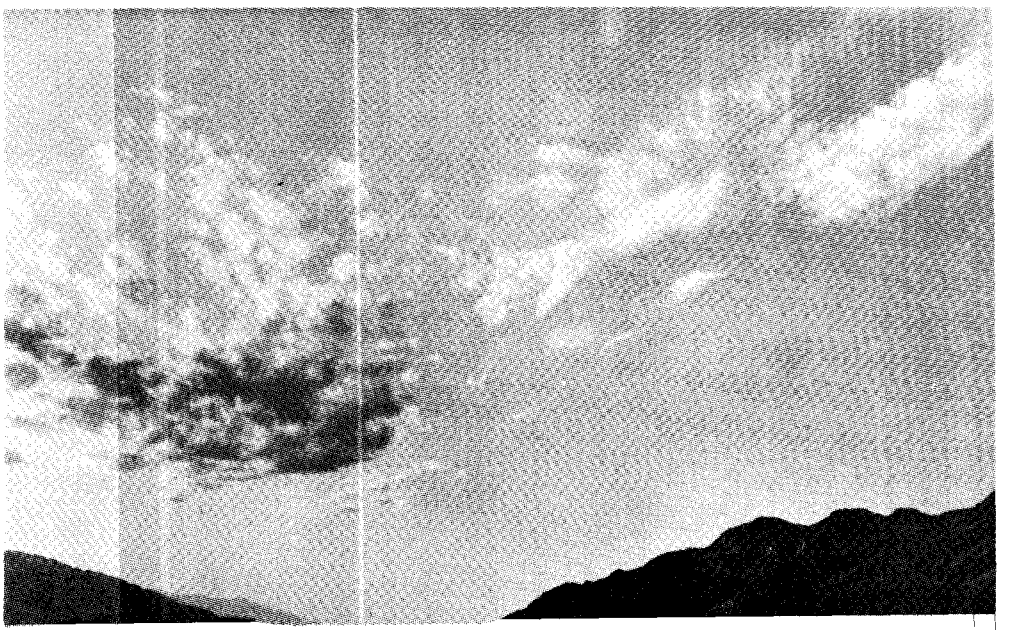


▲ *Glencar, County Sligo, Ireland, 1967*



Death Valley, Calif., 1975 ▼

music before beginning his camera studies with Minor White. Imagery, rhythm, and harmony are the measure of his private world and the modality of his lens. Rocks take form as "untitled compositions"; trees are caught at parade rest in their march across a field of snow. Small scenic vistas echo nature's mercurial moods, its rhythmic theme and variations: a tranquil Irish glade pulses with a restless, ever-changing cascade; a narrow path sends an unexpected grace note of light through a dark woodland maze; wildflowers defy the barren desolation of the Badlands.

Through Caponigro's lens the commonplace ceases being matter-of-fact. Orchestration of light and mass, of tone and texture, creates an interplay of tensions—a whisper of the flux that lies beneath the visible surface. This, in effect, is the "living and breathing" landscape Freya Stark described in *Space, Time and Movement in Landscape*: "Movement breathes in space . . . and need not be life itself, but is the flutter of life's garment which tells us that life is there."

Many of the pictures were taken in the softly diffused light of late afternoon or on the kind of overcast day that photo manuals label "hazy-bright." The mood is intimate and introspective. There is no striving for Ansel Adams's monumental scale, the precise documents of Atget, Feininger's architectonic forms, or Uelsmann's anthropomorphic allegories. Rather, this is nature observed in a spirit akin to that of P. H. Emerson and with all the subtle tonalities of Stieglitz's "equivalents."

Held in high regard by critics, curators, and collectors, Caponigro modestly assesses his accomplishments to date. In retrospect, he concludes:

> All that I have achieved are these dreams locked in silver. . . . It was possible, if only for brief moments, to sense the thread which holds all things together. The world, the unity of force and movement, could be seen in nature—in a face, a stone, a patch of sunlight. The subtle suggestions generated by configurations of cloud and stone, of shape and tone, made of the photograph a meeting place, from which to continue on an even more adventurous journey through a landscape of reflection. . . .

Viewed less subjectively, his photographs represent still another meeting place—that Elysian field of image-making where the site-seer is both landscape artist and master craftsman of the lens. □

Photographs by Paul Caponigro
from *Landscape* (McGraw-Hill)

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Television

by Karl E. Meyer

Point Counterpoint

In the past months I have been watching with mounting admiration the "Robert MacNeil Report," for my money this year's most exhilarating innovation on public television. Every weeknight, MacNeil and his partner in Washington, Jim Lehrer, take a question of national interest and strip it apart with the help of four invited experts—it is an exercise in point counterpoint, throwing off particles of light. The old television nostrum that "talking heads" are boring is belied by this animated briefing on everything from the coming flu epidemic to our dismal postal service.

As of March, the "MacNeil Report," which is produced by WNET in New York, is being fed nationally to 37 public-television stations in 18 states and the District of Columbia. There is a catch. For reasons that will be described, the program is being broadcast at a variety of hours, ranging from an eccentric 1 P.M. in Indianapolis to 11:30 P.M. at eight other stations; in some cases, the report will be delayed for a day, and in Moscow, Idaho, for unfathomable reasons, it will turn up only on Monday.

But no matter. The program's strength is that it avoids easy topicality and attempts to deal with a single issue without interruptions for a full half-hour. The Canadian-born MacNeil has worked over the years for NBC and BBC, and one imagines he would not be flustered even by the Second Coming; he is complemented by the more intense, gimlet-eyed Lehrer. Both do their homework, and ask informed questions about remarkably various matters: brainwashing, the Panama Canal negotiations, corporate bribery, the Academy Awards, the Soviet Party Congress, and Washington news leaks.

There has been a series of interviews with Presidential candidates, and the questioning has been diligent. When Sen. Henry Jackson appeared, he made his customary plea for an increase in defense spending. Pressing him, MacNeil recalled that the Washington Democrat had argued with equal urgency in the Fifties that a dangerous missile gap existed. Later, the "gap" proved nonexistent, though billions were spent to bridge it. The senator's expression tightened as he blamed the CIA and its then director, Allen Dulles, for supplying him with erroneous information. But this time, Jackson persisted, there are sounder intelligence techniques and the Russians really are moving ahead. . . . The more he explained, the glummer his face became.

MacNeil—"Particles of light."

Another report dealt with drug abuse. I was impressed to hear Albert Goldman, the biographer of Lenny Bruce and an authority on rock culture, say that it was nonsense to dismiss pot as harmless, and that in its most potent form marijuana could have an impact comparable to that of LSD. Goldman plainly knew more about the mind-eroding effects of drugs than a scientist favoring legalization who talked mainly about white mice.

A program concerned with the suspension of freedom in India pitted journalist J. Anthony Lukas, who had just returned from New Delhi, against the Washington correspondent of the *Times of India*. In the arguments of the hapless Indian—who contended that a censored press was prevented only from reporting mischievous "rumors"—one got an authentic whiff of Delhi doublethink.

Secretary Kissinger's threats to punish Cuba for its African adventurism were dissected by a Cuban émigré scholar, the mayor of Miami, Sen. Claiborne Pell, and Leslie Gelb, a diplomatic correspondent. I was struck by Gelb's deft remark that Mr. Kissinger was not saber-rattling "but waving a Boy Scout knife," since there was no evidence that Congress would support serious reprisals.

These samples, I hope, convey the flavor. The report's virtue is its sustained professionalism. Sometimes MacNeil and Lehrer try to pack too much information in a show, leaving the viewer winded. I have noticed a paucity of women among guests, and I detect a touch of network cult-of-personality in the way the show opens—with a crayoned profile of MacNeil.

Nevertheless, considering the headless anarchy of public television, it is a near-miracle that so good a program is appearing nationally. In New York, the report is broadcast at 7:30 P.M. and repeated at 11:30 P.M., an ideal arrangement. By switching from network evening news to MacNeil at 7:30, we get what commercial television alone denies us—a full hour of national news.

But, for mechanical reasons, it is not yet possible to feed the report nationally at the sensible 7:30 time; moreover, each public station tends to be a jealous duchy, resisting any uniform scheduling. There is also a worrisome financial peril: to build a national audience for the "MacNeil Report," WNET is furnishing the program cost-free; as of July, this arrangement ends, and each station will have to pay its share. (The problems of public television were incisively examined, by the way, in an interesting "CBS Reports" documentary shown April 20. It would be nice if CBS turned the same clinical eye on commercial TV.)

Those who share my opinion of the report's excellence can—and I hope will—make their voices heard. Public television is at its weakest in public affairs. In a haphazard way, the nucleus of a talented news department is evolving. In Washington, the veteran Martin Agronsky is conducting a show similar to the "MacNeil Report," and the "Bill Moyers Journal" is by now an established attraction.

Taken together, this represents a respectable team, and it should be fielded for the two national political conventions this summer. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 97

(ROGER) MILLINGTON: CROSSWORD PUZZLES (THEIR HISTORY AND THEIR CULT)

The Editor of *The Times* . . . surmised that the origin of the puzzle lay in the ancient East. "It is difficult to imagine any reason why cadi, effendi, muezzin, vizier, and such words should ever have been invented except to get crossword composers out of trouble."

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Name one good thing the UN ever did.

We can name 100 million. The UN makes life better for 100 million children. (You've heard of UNICEF, haven't you?)

The UN has kept more than 70 crises from growing into war.

What about the Outer Space Treaty? And the ban against biological weapons? Because of them, we breathe a little easier.

Earth Watch. A monitoring system that checks pollution before it kills us.

World Weather Watch. It warns against cyclones and hurricanes at sea.

The UN has nearly wiped out smallpox from the face of the earth.

The UN has trained 100,000 teachers in developing countries.

And provides paper and presses to make textbooks for children. (Sewing machines, too, to make the clothes they wear to school.)

With UN help, a crossbreed of grain called miracle seed keeps millions of people from starving to death.

CSM. A special corn meal for poor children who often eat nothing but starches.

Women. The UN gathered both men and women from all over the world to work for equal rights together.

International regulation of radio and TV frequencies. One nation won't cut off another.

A common tongue for aviation. Pilots and controllers all speak the same language. (English.) Imagine if they didn't.

The UN has taught over 800,000 in underdeveloped countries new skills to work with.

And provides equipment to go with their skills.

The UN brings even enemies together to help solve common problems. Like overpopulation, polluted waters.

The UN is a clearing house for world cancer research. A discovery by one country may help another find a cure.

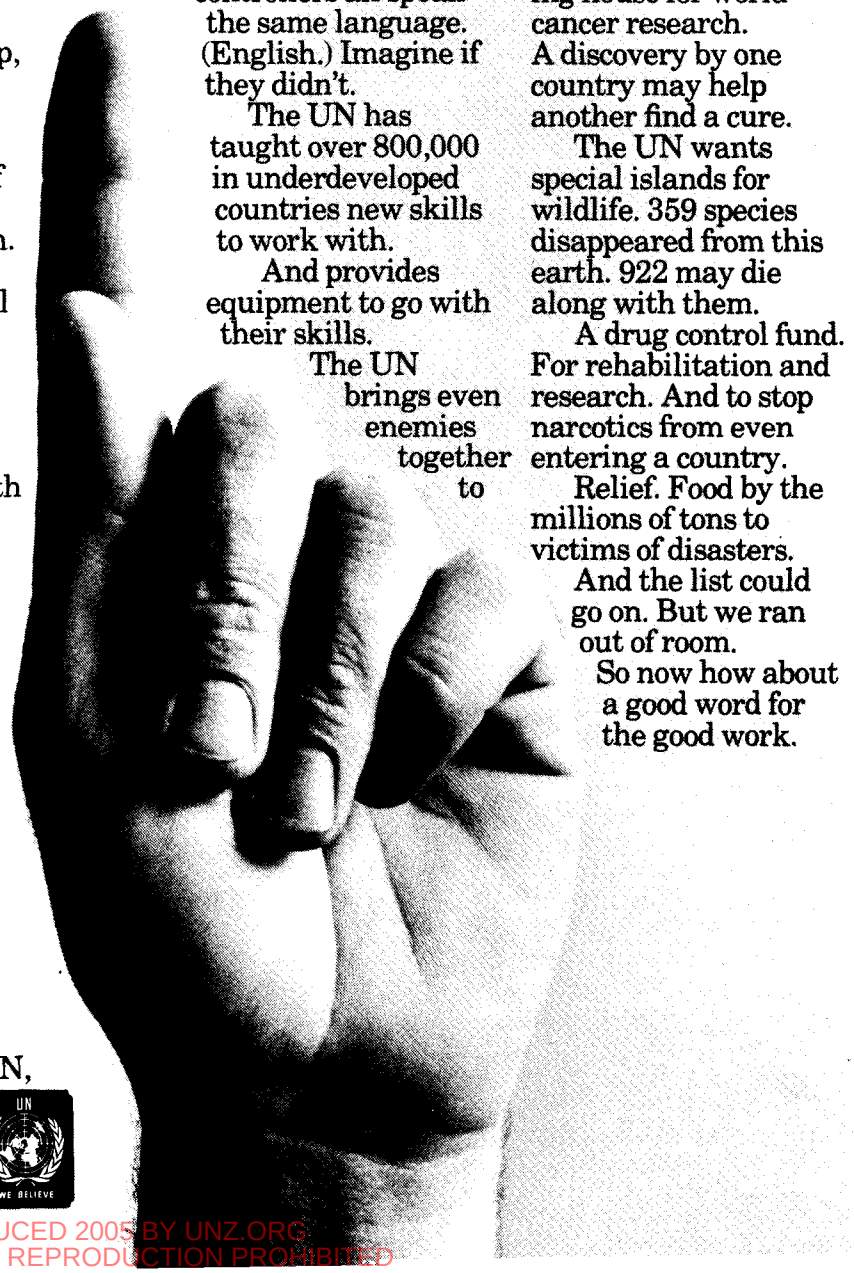
The UN wants special islands for wildlife. 359 species disappeared from this earth. 922 may die along with them.

A drug control fund. For rehabilitation and research. And to stop narcotics from even entering a country.

Relief. Food by the millions of tons to victims of disasters.

And the list could go on. But we ran out of room.

So now how about a good word for the good work.



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The Movies

by Judith Crist

No Grizzly, No Wilderness

It is the rare filmmaker these days who is willing, let alone able, to deal with ordinary human affairs without resorting to the melodrama of madness, mayhem, murder, and immorality that is the stuff of "adult" entertainment, or who can provide a truly intergenerational experience without the condescension, the simplistics, and the sentimentality that are the hallmarks of the "family" film.

With *Birch Interval*, Robert B. Radnitz proves again—and never has he shown it better—that he can do both. Over the years, this theater-bred film producer, whose career began in 1960 with *A Dog of Flanders*, has provided the finest of films for young people. But more than that, he has, by the integrity of both content and production values, met the demands of a non-parental adult audience—as his most recent films, *Sounder* and *Where the Lilies Bloom*, have shown. With his newest work he has gone beyond the children's-book source to that of the childhood memoir, dealing with a youngster in a family setting with remarkable subtlety and sophistication, and to extraordinary effect.

With a screenplay by Joanna Crawford based on her own autobiographical novel, *Birch Interval* is concerned with a turning point in childhood, one reached with an awakening appreciation of human relationships, and with an acceptance, rather than a judgment, of loved ones. The story, set in 1947, is of 11-year-old Jesse O'Casey, a New York City child sent to live with her mother's family in the Amish farm country of Pennsylvania. It is important to Jesse, as to all children, that the farm and the family, so obviously her roots, be stable and unchanged; on her arrival, there is the reassurance of permanence in the spacious old farmhouse and in the warmth extended by her strong and affectionate grandfather, her fey uncle, his earthy wife, and her two young cousins.

But as the summer wears on, unrest sets in. The community is uneasy with the school board's decision to force the Amish children into the public schools; her uncle's "nervousness inside" has turned to eccentricity, with complaints and suspicions from neighbors; her cousin Samuel no longer shares his secrets. Only her grandfather seems to stand firm—at least until the crisis precipitated by her uncle's disappearance. Jesse's confidence is shattered, but there are no pat answers or shibboleths to comfort her or shield her from ugly truths. There is only the assurance that "nobody has to know everything or worry about everything," and that most of the time one cannot sit in judgment but must simply "love people and stand by them."

This is a crude summary of what, through Jesse's eyes, we see—with all the ellipses, mystery, and matter-of-factness that form a child's view of an adult world, and with all the cruelties and righteousness and rigidities that are part of a child's world. Like her, we are saturated in the seasons, share the exotica of the Amish community and the adventures of children's games, and probe the partial conversations overheard, the inexplicable actions of adults, the seeming harshness of a loving heart, the unexpected kindness of strangers. All this is by the indirection of Delbert Mann's direction, which keeps us in empathetic thrall to the child's viewpoint; her quest and her discoveries become ours. This identification is made easier because, as in the past, Radnitz has chosen an unknown as his protagonist—Susan McClung, a gifted 11-year-old San Franciscan, whose Jesse is a lovely, solemn, sensitive child. And, as before, Radnitz has chosen first-rank professionals to portray the adults: Eddie Albert as the grandfather, Rip Torn the uncle, Anne Wedgeworth his wife. Also, unforgettable in a cameo role as the local "witch," there is Anne Revere, that wonderful embodiment of womanly dignity, a McCarthy-era blacklist victim returning to the screen after a regrettable absence. All in *Birch Interval* combine to touch a common nerve and provide an emotional experience to be shared by all.

JUST AS JOANNA CRAWFORD has been served well in the film version of her novel, so Friedrich Duerrenmatt is with *End of the Game*, the new Maximilian Schell film based on Duerrenmatt's 1950 thriller, *The Judge and His Hangman*. Lucky, of course, is the author both able and actually allowed to do his own adaptation. But luckier still the director able to lure this Swiss novelist-playwright-critic to the screen. Duerrenmatt had, understandably, sworn off the medium after the disastrous film versions of his play *The Visit* and of two novels. Schell, who had attempted the adaptation on his own, came to him for advice on a scene; reluctantly Duerrenmatt began a revision, offered more, proceeded not only to working on the whole screenplay but also to appearing in a small role on screen.

It's not all luck, however, that *End of the Game* is a very special kind of thriller—pure Duerrenmatt in its sophisticated ironies, chess-game plot, and black undertones, but very much Schell in its introversion, its absurdist and almost surreal scattering of clues, the high style and deep drama of its imaginative evolution. Schell, after all, proved his filmmaking potential as co-producer, co-author, and director of *First Love* in

Bisset and Voight in End of the Game—*"Sophisticated ironies, black undertones."*

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1970, and fulfilled it with excellence as producer, director, and author of *The Pedestrian* in 1974. Although he appeared as an actor in his first two films, in this one, except for a small, nonspeaking role, he has remained behind the camera as director—and put another director in front of it, with superb results.

That director is Martin Ritt, a stage and TV actor whose career was cut short by the McCarthy-era blacklist (Paddy Chayevsky had, in fact, written *Marty* with Ritt in mind for the title role, finally played by Ernest Borgnine) and who turned to directing with such fine films as *Edge of the City*, *Hud*, *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, *The Brotherhood*, and *Sounder* among his more than 20 movies. But what a glorious on-screen debut he makes as Commissioner Hans Barlach of the Berne police, an aging, bulging, craggy-faced criminologist with

a mortal deadline to meet, but only after a rendezvous with his lifelong nemesis.

If you have read the Duerrenmatt novel, suffice it that it has been deftly updated and brilliantly expanded, with only minor changes in character. If you have not, suffice it that we start out in Istanbul in 1946, where two young men make a bet that one can commit a murder before the other's very eyes and not be proven guilty—and where a girl is murdered to prove the point. Then we move to Switzerland 30 years later, where a corpse in a car has caused a crowd to gather. From there on it's all yours, with only the advice that you keep your eyes open for a figure on a parapet at the outset, for the figure dodging behind trees; scorn not the pranksters at the funeral, the death mask on the desk, or even the phoniest of accents that wear thin. The clues are there for gamesters as the jokes abound: yes, that is Donald Sutherland giving the corpse-performance of the year, Schell at the piano accompanying violinist Pinchas Zukerman at the recital, and Duerrenmatt as the writer so appropriately playing a chess game with himself. Ritt, epitomizing the fine mind behind the sloppy bourgeois facade, is matched by Robert Shaw, every inch the mystery man in coolth and contempt; Jon Voight is fine as the boyishly ambitious young detective, and Jacqueline Bisset lovely in person and performance as the lady in their lives. Pros all—in a grand game for those who savor complexity and wit in their detective stories.

IF YOU HAVE READ *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea* by the late Yukio Mishima, avoid the disappointment and/or anger that Lewis John Carlino's desecrative screen version will inspire. If you have not, do so (available in a $1.50 paperback, published by Berkley Publishing Corp., 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016) and encounter one of the finest novellas of our time. If the film did not, in particular by retention of title, lay claim to the stature of the Mishima work, one could discount it as a beautifully photographed film that restates the obvious about the murderous brute within the rosy-cheeked, perkily uniformed proper British schoolboy. That subject has been better explored in even lesser works than *Lord of the Flies*, *If . . .*, or *Unman, Wittering and Zigo*, and in relative terms in *Tomorrow the World*, *The Bad Seed*, etc.

What Carlino, as author as well as director, has done is take the "polished pebble" of Mishima's exquisitely internal and understated story and embed it in sludge, literalizing and thereby exploiting all that was merely suggested, turning what was an exploration of the obsessed psyche and the "objective" heart into a pretentious little horror story. More important, the particularly Japanese character of person and place has been transported from Yokohama to the bucolic environs of Dartmouth, in Devon, and becomes completely dislocated. What was, in the novel, a rebellion against the adult world and criminal activity by a secret society of 13-year-olds, aware enough to know that they cannot be prosecuted or punished until they are 14, has been transformed into a sort of neo-Nietzschean philosophical cultism practiced by deranged geniuses. The sailor, Mishima's protagonist, is only a puppet for their macabre games. The story, in Carlino's hands, is of a young and lubricious widow and her pubescent son who encounter a ship's second officer in the course of their visit to an American freighter in the harbor. The lady lusts for the sailor, and they consummate their passion in her room—while the son sees all through a knothole from his. Surprisingly, the son idolizes the sailor, despite the scorn of the chief of his schoolboy group. But when the sailor returns from his next voyage to settle down and marry the mother, the boy calls upon his group to help him destroy the fallen idol. And since the kids have already proved their *übermensch* potentials by the vivisection of a cat on camera . . .

Sarah Miles, the embodiment of erotic femininity (although those nostril-twitches are bordering on the rabbity tics that once plagued Sandy Dennis), is lovely as the widow, and her seemingly endless couplings with Kris Kristofferson—Kansas-born solid, and prosaic to match, as the sailor—are, initially at least, lyrical and sensual. Jonathan Kahn, as the troubled and jealous son, and Earl Rhodes, as his obviously psychotic chief, are as thoroughly abominable as their roles require. But neither good performance nor exquisite scenery (all was filmed on location) can hide the ugliness at the core.

FOR OLD-FASHIONED mindless comedy—shticks and bits bound together by an erratic story and given gloss and moments of sheer delight by two talented stars—there's Melvin Frank's *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox*. Frank serves as producer, director, and co-author with Jack Rose, his longtime collaborator, and Barry Sandler, the young author of the abominable *Gable and Lombard* and of the original story for this film. Frank—as his long list of Hollywood comedies and, most recently, his *A Touch of Class* would testify—is a man who has a way with a situation and a gag, but he, and his cast, are hopelessly hampered by a clumsily obvious chase-story line.

The triumph is in the performances of Goldie Hawn, as the Duchess, a raunchy music-hall performer in search of a better position in life, and of George Segal, as an inept and greedy gambler. Hawn, allowed at long last to display her song-and-dance talents along with her gift as actress and her irresistibility as a thoroughly delicious sexpot, is just a joy to watch. Segal, relaxed enough to let the talent show through the charm, partners her delightfully. Between them, they not only provide a couple of truly hilarious moments but also manage to tide us through any number of derivative gags and plot slumps. Laughs are rare enough these days for one to opt for the pleasure of the company, if not for the vehicle itself. □

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U.S. Dept. of the Interior, National Park Service, Edison National Historic Site

Edison at Glenmont—"Exploring the rooms with that knowing voice whispering at one's ear."

The Wizard of Orange

by Horace Sutton

A hundred years ago, Alexander Bell first demonstrated the telephone, an event that was marked recently by the appearance on the glass box of Bing Crosby, Liza Minnelli, and Joel Grey. Those three historians cavorted amiably in honor of Alexander Bell, but none made mention of such other historical events of 100 years ago as Mark Twain's publication of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, Custer's debacle at Little Big Horn, the establishment of the National League, the centennial of the nation's birth, and the opening of Thomas Alva Edison's experimental laboratory at Menlo Park, N.J.

To avoid a conflict with other commemorations, particularly those that honor the Bicentennial, the city of West Orange, N.J., where Edison spent the last 44 years of his life, recently held an anniversary party, during which Main Street was renamed Thomas Alva Edison Boulevard; an 84-year-old Edison co-worker traveled to New Jersey from California for the event; and the National Park Service let it be known that Edison's West Orange laboratory, to which he moved after he left Menlo Park, is open as a museum displaying an assortment of Edison's 1,000 inventions, many of them still in working order.

When Edison opened his lab at Menlo Park in 1876, he hired assistants and dove headlong into the inventing business. He had already taken out a patent on an electric vote tabulator, improved the stock ticker, produced the phonograph, a marvel of the time and forerunner of burst-the-eardrum hi-fi sets in current high favor with young people. He was scarcely 30 years old himself, but his accomplishments were legendary, and at that modest age he was already being called the Wizard of Menlo Park.

Ten years later, his first wife having died, Edison married Mina Miller. By then he was building a new lab at West Orange, N.J., and he offered Mina a house in New York City or one in Llewellyn Park, an exclusive residential enclave near the lab. The New York residence was tempting, but Mina Miller knew Edison's work habits, and it was easier for him to live at Llewellyn Park. In one week, just after the turn of the century, he worked 112 hours; he punched himself in and out on a time clock; he included himself in "the insomnia squad" which locked itself in a room and attacked a problem until a solution was found.

The new lab at West Orange was 10 times the size of his Menlo Park workshop, 15 miles away on the Garden State Parkway. In 1929 Edison's friend Henry Ford had the first lab moved to Dearborn, Mich., and Menlo Park became a state historic site. From West Orange flowed a cascade of wonders—the motion-picture camera, silent and sound movies, an improved phonograph, all among the 1,093 patents which were issued to him. He was working on experiments to develop rubber from homegrown materials when he died in the autumn of 1931.

THE RED BRICK buildings inside the Edison compound at West Orange have become a working museum visited by 60,000 a year, half of them schoolchildren. Although a fire destroyed Edison's first movie studio—a black, tar-paper-covered room that revolved with the sun and was called the Black Maria—a replica was built in 1954. Edison understood that movies were really a series of still pictures, closely spaced. The eye was persuaded to think it was seeing motion, a phenomenon he called persistence of vision. At first the images were put on a cylinder, but George Eastman had developed film, and Edison moved to the new medium.

From 1910 to 1914 he made a film a week in the West Orange studio. The camera held two minutes of film, and each picture ran about 15 minutes, which was as long as he thought people would

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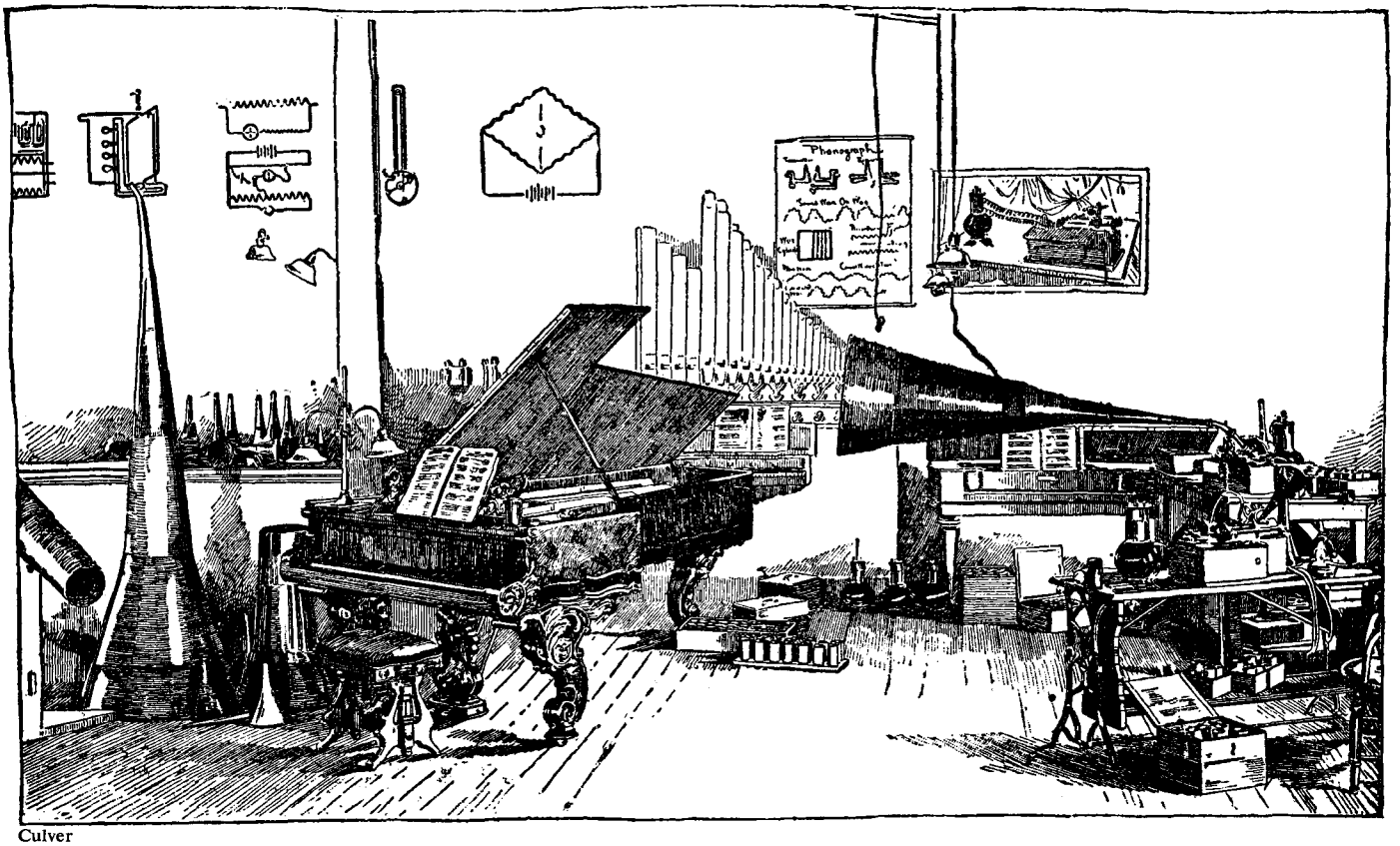
be willing to sit still. Some had plots, like *Dolly of the Dailies*; others were documentaries—*How Washington Crossed the Delaware* and *Winter Logging in Maine*. A home viewer could buy a film, show it, send it back with a remittance, and get a new one.

Since Edison had already invented the phonograph, it was a logical step to try to make sound movies by running the movie and playing a record at the same time. The secret of synchronization was elusive, however, and the operators went back to silent films. The curators play some of the old phonographs as part of the demonstration for visitors, and the showing of *The Great Train Robbery*, filmed nearby, is a regular feature. Later Edison was to build another studio, in the Bronx, and here some 1,500 sound pictures were made. It is now used as a movie studio by Fordham University.



Culver

The sound laboratory—"What will you do on long, dark, shivering winters? Why, have a phonograph!"

THE HUGE LABORATORY, embracing a sprawling complex, was employed not only for experiments but also in the manufacture of the devices on which Edison had a patent. The light bulb, produced in 1879, required power, and to generate power the developers needed copper, a necessity which sent the copper industry soaring. To compute the amount of power used, and so to extract a profit, Edison developed the electric meter.

In the 1890s, when the nation was worried about running out of deposits of iron ore, Edison put a fortune into extracting ore from the low-grade deposits in the New Jersey mountains near Ogdensburg. His scheme was to crush the mountains, extract the ore with magnets, and form the ore into briquettes. To anyone who hears the story today, it is discomfortingly remindful of the equally expensive process of extracting oil from shale. In the case of iron ore, Edison was about to go into production when rich ore was discovered at Lake Superior. It may prove to be a case of repeated history if, as the world oil supply dwindles, the tests now being conducted indicate the presence of oil deposits off the Jersey shore.

The chemical laboratory is a mass of retorts, test tubes, scales, and lathes, all in active use during the 10 years Edison worked on the storage battery. Ford and Firestone financed an experiment to get rubber from an American plant. He was to extract rubber from goldenrod, and a stalk 14 feet high, grown in Fort Myers, Fla., where he kept a winter home, still decorates the workrooms.

IF THE CHEMICAL LAB is static and therefore passively historic, the machine shop is an operating maze of shafts, wheels, countershafts, and gears. Adolph Freda, who worked in the toolroom for 41 years, 11 of them while Edison was still alive, has restored the machines to operative order. He turns a switch and the whole building comes alive. The drill press bores holes, the universal grind machine burrs the rough edges while sparks and memories fly.

In one corner an open shaft elevator, with a pull rope to activate it, still bears the sign FOR THE USE OF MR. EDISON ONLY. Edison disdained the lift and used the stairs until his declining days, when his associates made it a point to usher him onto the elevator.

The stockroom had an inventory of 10,000 items, and cost was no object in obtaining rare items which Edison needed. Elephant hide was used in the manufacture of records, rabbit hair in the processing of felt, cows' hooves in the diaphragm of a phonograph. He once

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left a list for the stockboy of things he needed: 2 lbs. horses' tails; 2 lbs. cows' tails; human hair, long, female; porcupine needles; ostrich feathers; goose quills.

Although Edison required only about four hours' sleep and took catnaps on the floor until his wife put a cot in the laboratory, he and his family lived in an elegant 23-room Victorian house on a 13½-acre estate, a short drive away. He bought it from Arnold Constable and Company in New York and named it Glenmont; here he and his second wife raised a family. Glenmont remains as he left it when he died in 1931, and its vast interiors, with carved wood lintels, bric-a-brac collected from trips and from the visits of famous people, are all on public view any day except Sundays and holidays.

His daughter, Mrs. John Sloane, now deep in her 80s, has recorded a guided tour, as Eleanor Roosevelt did at Hyde Park, and it is a fascination to explore the fine rooms with that knowing voice whispering confidentialities at one's ear. "Father was under forty when he married Mother," says the voice. "Mother had three children, Charles, Theodore, and I." Charles, Secretary of the Navy and later governor of New Jersey, died in 1969. Theodore, who has his own lab, is now 78.

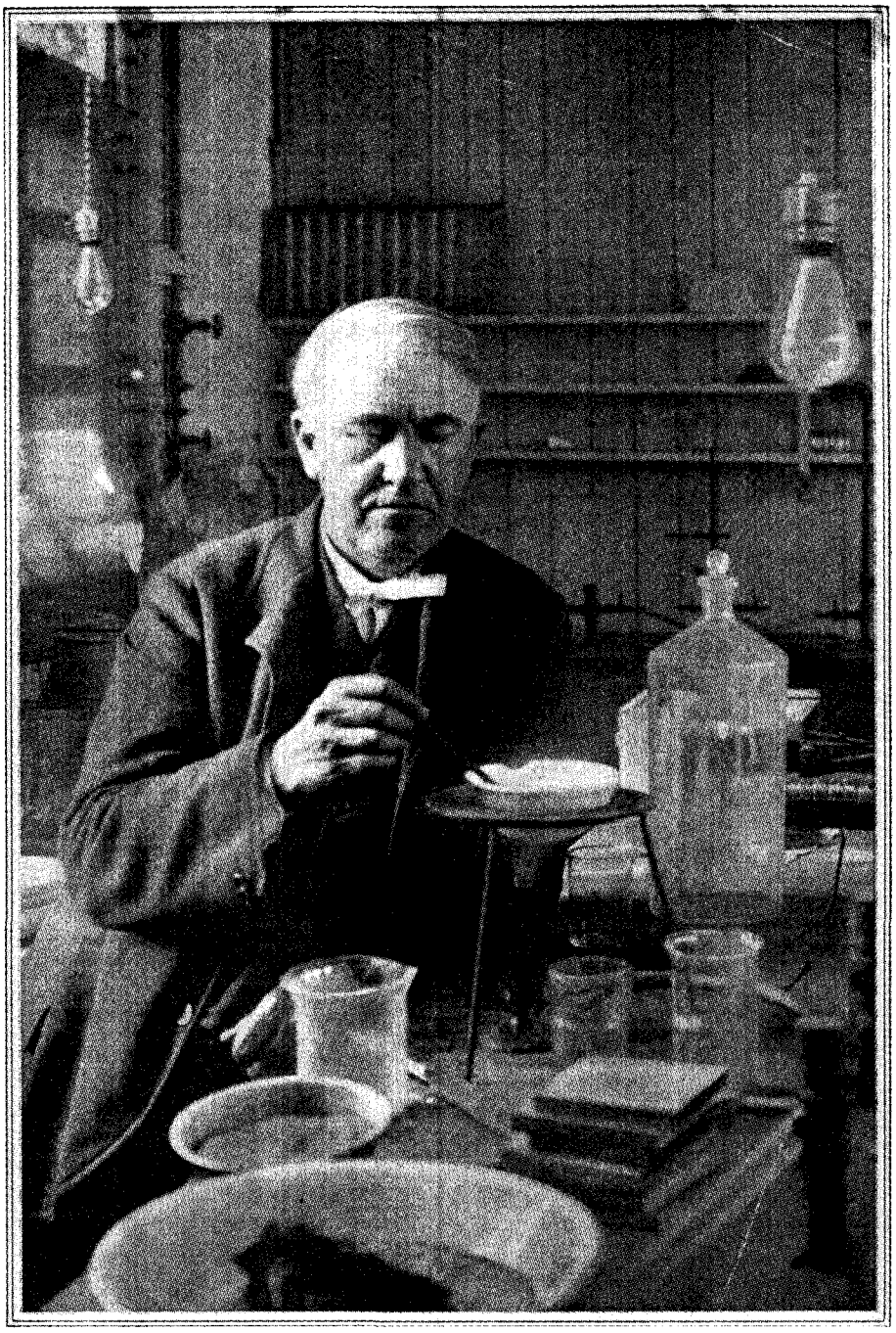
"Mother played peacemaker. She would send down his supper when Father was working, but when he did come home everything lighted up and was gay and charming." It took eight or ten servants to maintain the estate and all its outbuildings—barn, garage, greenhouse, gardener's cottage, and potting shed. The stream of guests was as long as it was illustrious—Helen Keller, Billy Sunday, President Hoover, Woodrow Wilson as a candidate for New Jersey governor, Henry Ford, and the King of Siam, who arrived for lunch when Edison was scurrying about the house searching for his trousers.

Beyond the dining room is the den where the children had dancing school and performed amateur theatricals. A huge album records a family trip to Europe. They saw everything, says Mrs. Sloane, "except Russia." All three children were born in the master bedroom and, in turn, placed in a cradle brought from Paris. And on an autumn day in 1931, the guiding Edison voice says, "he died in that bed."

"What is genius?" a reporter once asked Edison, and he responded, "Ninety-nine percent perspiration and one percent inspiration." That formula brought him $40,000 for an improved stock ticker when he was 22. It produced the mimeograph machine, dictating machine, talking books for the blind. His 50-year-old phonograph still echoes robustly in the West Orange lab. And a sign recalls the early advertisements for the invention: WHAT WILL YOU DO ON LONG, COLD DARK SHIVERING WINTERS INDOORS? WHY, HAVE A PHONOGRAPH, OF COURSE. They cost only $35, and the cheapest could be had for $7.50.

The formula for perspiration and inspiration was indefatigable and all-embracing. It produced gummed tape and waxed paper and also recordings of Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Happiness Boys, singing "Barney Google With the Goo-Goo-Googly Eyes."

WROTE EDISON in his diary one summer's day before the century turned: "Slept splendidly—evidently I was inoculated with insomnic bactilli when a baby—arose early, went out to flirt with the flowers." A hundred years after the lab opened at Menlo Park, the flowers come again to Glenmont, on whose greening acres behind the great Victorian house he and Mina lie buried. □



Culver

Edison at work—Needed: porcupine needles, ostrich feathers, and goose quills.

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

A Basket of Baubles

About 150 years ago, when I was perpetrating movies in smog-free, pious Hollywood, few things regaled me more than the stories I heard from writers about directors and producers. Many of these stories/slanders involved the capacious propensity of movie moguls to toss off malapropisms. One genius is said to have remarked, "Make the story get to the point fast, like—an epigram. Keep it full of pith!"

I regret to say that I can't swear that that really happened, but I have always admired ideas distinguished by pith. Even as a lad I collected epigrams eagerly, not simply because of their wit but because they convey insight with such precision, power, and economy. I think you will enjoy the basket of baubles I now fling before you:

How holy people look when they are sea-sick! SAMUEL BUTLER

She's the kind of woman who is used for augmenting the grief at a funeral. GEORGE ADE

When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become President; now I'm beginning to believe it. CLARENCE DARROW

The reason worry kills more people than work is that more people worry than work. ROBERT FROST

His money is twice tainted; 'taint yours and 'taint mine. MARK TWAIN

He's so mean he won't let his boy have more than one measle at a time. EUGENE FIELD

Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects. WILL ROGERS

Kleptomaniac: a person who helps himself because he can't help himself. HENRY MORGAN

She is a peacock in everything but beauty. OSCAR WILDE

He writes his plays for the ages—the ages between five and twelve. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

He has not a single redeeming defect. DISRAELI, of Gladstone

His mind is open—so open that ideas simply pass through it. F. H. BRADLEY

This man [Lord Chesterfield] I thought had been a Lord among wits, but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords. SAMUEL JOHNSON

There's somebody at every dinner party who eats all the celery. FRANK "KIN" HUBBARD

Generally, he is insane, but he has lucid moments, when he is merely stupid. HEINRICH HEINE

He wasn't hostile to facts; he was apathetic about them. WOLCOTT GIBBS

Saturday afternoon, although occurring at regular and well-foreseen intervals, always takes this railway by surprise. W. S. GILBERT

Nature never blunders; when she makes a fool she means it. JOSH BILLINGS

People will buy anything that's one to a customer. SINCLAIR LEWIS

No man is lonely while eating spaghetti—it takes so much attention. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

What's on your mind? If you'll forgive the overstatement. FRED ALLEN

Her features didn't seem to know the value of teamwork. GEORGE ADE

While he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter either. JAMES THURBER

You can lead a horticulture, but you can't make her think. DOROTHY PARKER

Minneapolis: a suburb—according to St. Paul. ANON.

[He] is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death. H. H. MUNRO (SAKI)

I never said all Democrats were saloonkeepers; I said all saloonkeepers were Democrats. HORACE GREELEY

Population explosion: when people take leave of their census. ANON.

TRUE-BLUE FRIENDS sometimes flatter me by asking why I don't go into the epigram business myself. Well, I *have* stumbled onto a few slashers in my time—but they always seem to get themselves credited to someone else. Here, with outraged tears rolling down my cheeks, are four:

Of W. C. Fields: "Any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad."

On human nature: "If you give a man enough rope, he'll hang you."

Of the New Left: "Rome wasn't burned in a day."

Of Jehovah: "Don't blame God: He's only human."

Thank you. And do drop in again. □

© 1976 Leo Rosten

"To the adult mind this room appears disorganized, but to the mind of a child everything is logically arranged for use."

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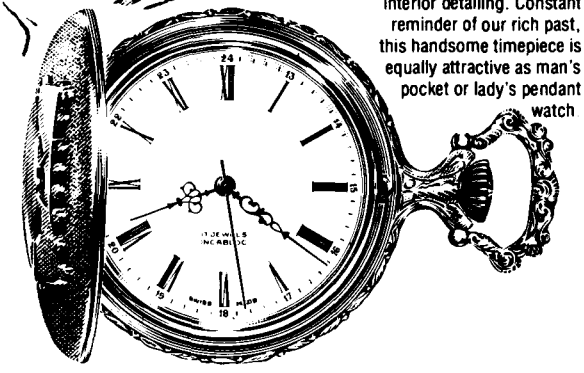
I WANT YOU... TO HAVE THIS MAGNIFICENT BICENTENNIAL COMMEMORATIVE WATCH!

JUST ONE DOLLAR WILL HOLD IT FOR YOU AT PRE-ISSUE PRICE.



Full, open view of **Henniker's Bicentennial Watch,** showing its interior detailing. Constant reminder of our rich past, this handsome timepiece is equally attractive as man's pocket or lady's pendant watch.

Back in my day not very many people could afford a good pocket watch and frankly most of those that were around weren't worth a hoot. Many of them looked pretty enough and were passed along from father to son. They weren't so good about keeping time—but it didn't make all that much difference, because those were more leisurely days and an hour later or earlier wasn't that important.

Henniker's scores another first and strikes a blow for liberty

But now, 200 years later, Henniker's has come up with a truly magnificent watch, commemorating the exciting events in which I was able to take part. **Henniker's Bicentennial Watch** shows Philadelphia's Liberty Bell on its front cover, with every detail—down to the inspiring inscription—painstakingly wrought in high relief. And on the back, in that same careful high relief work, our proud American Eagle is about to take flight from its rocky perch. Both sides are stunning in their realism and glory. Finish is 12-kt gold-plated, old gold color that will never tarnish nor wear off. Rim of case carries that elaborate scrollwork that was so popular in my day and which is so much back in vogue now. Cover is spring-loaded—just push button and it snaps open.

And, naturally it is an outstanding timepiece

Henniker's spared no detail and no expense with the works of the watch. And of course, they shouldn't. Because you will proudly want to wear the **Bicentennial Watch** every day and for every occasion and you will want to pass it on to your son. The watch is powered by the best Swiss 17-jewel movement that money can buy. The works are cushioned by Incabloc,® which makes the watch just about as shockproof as anything can be. It's anti-magnetic, of course. There is a sweep-second hand. We didn't have that in my day, and it is something extra-special in a pocket watch even today.

Let Me Hold the Bicentennial Watch for You—for just $1!

Watchmakers are now busy in Switzerland assembling Bicentennial Watches for Henniker's. A new shipment will be here in about four weeks. Henniker's is going to give this watch top billing in one of their forthcoming catalogs and, depending on how the Swiss franc behaves between now and then, the price will be either $59.95 or $69.95. But if you send your "layaway dollar" now, your **guaranteed price will be only $49.95!** You get a receipt immediately. As soon as the watches come in, in about four weeks, Henniker's will notify you, ask you for the balance (or permission to charge your BA or MC account) and mail the watch right out to you.

You know what Poor Richard said about that penny saved and earned, and that of course goes in spades for $10 or $20 saved. So here is your chance to be thrifty and to get a truly magnificent watch for a lifetime of faithful service. And at all times it will remind you of the glorious days of our Nation's birth.

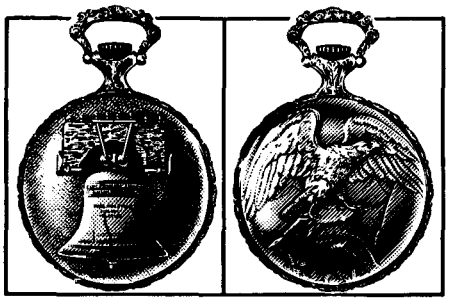
Dear Friend,

We usually keep a small supply of Bicentennial Watches on hand for over-the-counter sale in our San Francisco store. If you prefer, send full payment for immediate shipment from stock or call (415) 433-7540 with your BA or MC number. I shall include **12" antiqued Waldemar Chain** with my compliments. I shall return your check immediately if our emergency stock should be exhausted.

Ben

henniker's

779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120



Front and back of Henniker's **Bicentennial Commemorative Watch** showing in high relief and loving detail Philadelphia's Liberty Bell and American Eagle. Case is 12-kt. gold-plated, 2 inches in diameter, old gold color that won't tarnish or wear off. 17-jewel Swiss movement, Incabloc® protected.

Mail to: **Henniker's,** SR0515
779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

YES I include $_____, each dollar to reserve one **Bicentennial Commemorative Watch.** I understand that I shall get a receipt immediately and that the watches will be available within about four weeks. At that time you will notify me for remitting balance or permission to charge my BA or MC account. Bicentennial Watch has 2-week return privilege and is guaranteed for one year for parts and workmanship. Lay-away price is $49.95 (including the dollar I send now), plus $1.00 for postage and insurance (plus sales tax for Calif. delivery).

☐ Please send me **Bicentennial Watch** and complimentary **12" Waldemar Chain** immediately from stock if available. My check for $50.95 ($49.95 plus $1.00 for postage and insurance) plus sales tax for California delivery is enclosed. I understand that it will promptly be returned if emergency stock should be exhausted.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Spark and Spoon

A few weeks ago, Howard Fast remarked on the passing of almost all the familiar terms of courtship—spooning, sparking, wooing, and so on.

The fact is that the very idea of courtship is archaic. Courtship brings to mind —to my mind, anyway—pictures of young gentlemen asking for permission to call on young ladies, of "Miss Snodgrass, would it be too bold of me to ask permission to address you as Alice?"

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Pringle? We've been acquainted with each other for barely six months."

"But in those six months I have lost my heart to you, and, with your permission, I intend to ask your father for your hand in marriage."

"You have my permission, Mr. Pringle."

"Alice."

"Harvey."

I have no doubt that such scenes actually took place in the distant past. Even if such formalities were basically the creation of romantic novelists (and, as far as I know, they might have been), life and art undeniably imitate each other in the mad phenomenological rat race, and hundreds of Alices and Harveys must have gone through rituals similar to the one above.

Today, of course, when so many young people think they'd be making a serious mistake to get married before sharing an apartment for a year or two, courtship is obsolete. No one courts or woos a girl anymore. It's not only unnecessary; it's sexist.

One might occasionally court disaster or woo the muse, but those are the only recent uses of *court* and *woo* that come to mind.

There were people who talked about "pitching woo" back in the Thirties and Forties, but I think *pitching woo* was probably invented by a screenwriter for an Andy Hardy film. Again, though, with life imitating art, there must have been some real live people who "pitched woo."

As for *sparking* and *spooning*, I think they were replaced long ago by *necking* and *smooching*, which seem to have slipped away unnoticed. *Messing around* and *making out* are the new terms, which are ambiguous enough to refer to almost anything and which I find completely lacking in charm.

For charm my favorite is *canoodling*. *Canoodling* is a word that antedates me and might have died out even before my parents' time. *Webster's New World Dictionary* calls it "Old Slang," but all my other dictionaries imply that it's still in use. I find that a bit puzzling; the only reason I know *canoodling* is that I heard it about 20 years ago in a song that I think was then about 50 years old, and, being a fancier of rare linguistic antiquities, I looked it up in the dictionary.

Canoodling evokes canoes (or at least rowboats), sunbonnets, straw hats, ukuleles, and tender caresses. Its origin probably has nothing to do with canoes. Partridge says it's an American expression dating from 1859 at the latest and that it might spring from *canny*, meaning *gentle*, and from *firkytoodling*. I doubt it, although I have no better theories.

Until I looked up *canoodle* in Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, I'd never heard of *firkytoodle*. Partridge says that *firkytoodle* means "to indulge in physically intimate endearments, esp. in those provocative caresses which constitute the normal preliminaries to sexual congress."

It strikes me that most of today's raft of books on how to achieve sexual bliss lean heavily on *indulging in foreplay*, which has a clinically prescriptive ring to it. *Firkytoodling* sounds like a lot more fun

Sparking, spooning, smooching, courting, wooing, canoodling, and *firkytoodling* have passed away, along with *sentimental*, which had an amazing run in Tin Pan Alley back in the Thirties and Forties. Without the slightest strain, I can recall "Sentimental Journey," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "Something Sentimental," "For Sentimental Reasons," "That Sentimental Sandwich," and "On the Sentimental Side." And there are probably dozens more.

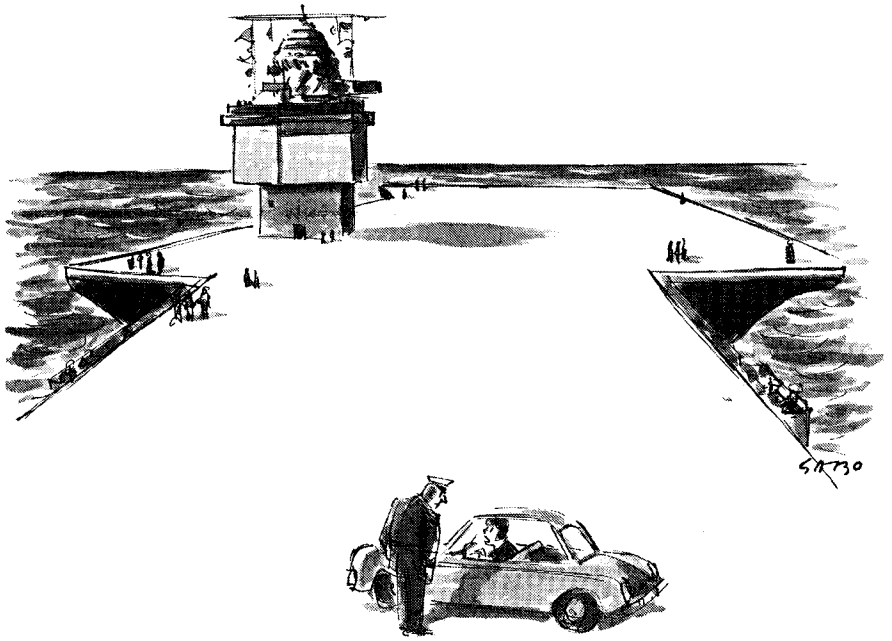
THESE DAYS when two people meet, dig each other, turn each other on, and mince no words, "I'm getting Sentimental Over You" would be mawkish, to say the least.

Come to think of it, all those *sentimentals* were a bit mawkish even back when they were popular.

"Oh Wow Baby Yeah Yeah Yeah" seems, to my ear (admittedly unschooled in the niceties of rock lyrics), to be the modern equivalent of the old-fashioned sentimental lyric.

It's foolish for us of the older generation to bemoan the fact that today's younger generation doesn't enjoy precisely the same things we enjoyed when *we* were the younger generation. Still, I can't help hoping for a pendulum swing back to—well, perhaps not the old sexist courtship exactly, but at least canoodling.

Don't mess around; canoodle. □



"Are you sure this isn't the ferry to Catalina?"

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(**Outlook:** *continued from page 12*)

Brant Calkin, a professional conservationist, had been listening in on this colloquy. "I'd be perfectly willing," he said, "to give you a name—if I could just *think* of somebody. But the qualities that make Salk great, for example, are not transferable outside his field. I think Nader is a *great* American."

My host, Norris Bradbury, approached with jaw outthrust. I thought he was upset that I was intruding my quest into his party. Nobody ever discusses anything of substance at Los Alamos parties. But he was not upset. He just wanted to declare, "The question has no meaning. The greatest living scientist may be a perfect son of a bitch."

I said he probably would be.

Norris shook his head. "The great man of today will be obsolete in the twink of an eye," he said, "forgotten within a few decades." So, he insisted, my question was meaningless.

SELMA DION, a neighbor, thought for a moment and leaned close with a confidential thought: "You know whom I admire very much? He has a sense of humor, can turn around and come up with things deep yet amusing. I would not call him the greatest living American, but pretty close: Howard K. Smith!"

I went into the kitchen for another beer. Brant Calkin eyed me morosely. "What is the *word* that combines greatness and virtue?" he asked me. I said I didn't know. I left the party without having come up with the word or with a solid nominee, either.

Santa Fe: A few days later I stopped by the home of mathematician Stanislaw Ulam and his wife, Françoise. Stan is the man who came up with the essential calculation that enabled his colleagues at Los Alamos to devise the hydrogen bomb. He was in the living room admiring a glass bowl full of buttons which a friend had given him. They bore the printed slogan UNCLE STAN IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

When I asked The Question, Stan smiled.

"Whoever the greatest man is, he isn't a fission scientist," he said instantly. "There isn't even a *great* one, let alone a *greatest*. I can't think of *any*."

My brother-in-law, Tom Mark, who teaches philosophy at the University of California at San Diego, suggested, "Maybe there is at least a list."

Steve Weiner, Stan's son-in-law, a Harvard-trained orthopedic surgeon, agreed. "The Top Ten," he said, laughing.

Tom said, "I. I. Rabi. I admire the guy."

Stan said, "There are some very good mathematicians—and dead ones are plenty."

Stan's pretty daughter Claire came in. "One of my favorites," she said, "is Richard Goodwin."

Stan mused. "Bobby Fischer," he said, "would be a candidate—except he's impossible."

Steve had a candidate. "Who was the first black baseball player? Jackie Robinson? Is he alive? He transcended barriers in a lot of ways. He certainly opened it up for a lot of blacks to do a lot of things they couldn't do before."

At last I almost had a solid nominee. But, alas, Jackie is no longer with us.

Claire said glumly, "It certainly couldn't be a politician."

Steve had another idea. "You know who might be a good guy? Robert Coles. He must be one of the most profound young thinkers in the country today."

Claire said, "That's better than Goodwin. Why isn't it a woman? It can't be a politician. Cesar Chavez?"

Stan gave up. "I can't even name *ten* great. Some people would have said Washington," he said wistfully. "When Einstein was alive, you could have said Einstein on the strength of his science." We said good-bye and went home.

EVER SINCE the cross-country trip I have, of course, kept asking The Question, and I keep getting the same blank look, the same hollow jokes. The thing that strikes me is that nobody seems terribly upset that apparently we are bereft of greatness. I find it mildly terrifying. I wonder why nobody else seems to. Maybe it is because we had our hearts broken by the chicanery and outright betrayal of those we had elevated to greatness, and are still too tender to bring ourselves to trusting again just yet. Maybe we have to come to realize that men are just men, no matter whether they wear banker's pinstripes or sit in oval offices. Maybe it is healthier realizing that.

Having suffered those awful, wrenching disillusionments by men to whom we gave our highest esteem, it would be a pity, though, if we allowed them—and our own chagrin—to blind us to the *possibility*, not just in public life but in the arts and in science, of greatness. Maybe before that, Americans will have to rediscover that old faith in themselves. □

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CAMP ROBIN HOOD FOR GIRLS. Established 1926. Chambersburg, Pa. 85 NW of Washington, D.C. Ages 6 to 16. 4 or 8 weeks, June 17-August 12. COURTESY RESPONSIBILITY HONOR Riding daily, tennis, swimming, team sports, crafts, music, drama, dance, campcraft, canoeing, archery, riflery, fencing. Miss Margaret C. Duncan, Owner and Director, Chambersburg, Pa. 17201. (717) 263-2495 or (919) 829-9062.

COLORADO OUTDOOR LIVING CENTER. Teenagers learn self-sufficiency. Small farm skills, serious craftmanship, backpacking. Brochure: C.O.L.C., Rt. 1R, Hotchkiss, Colo. 81419.

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CAMPS

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TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in a fine arts camp? Write! Find out! Brochure. Co-ed 6-18. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 14, N. J. 08318. Phone (609) 358-2472.

ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES

ASSISTANTS NEEDED for whale research aboard 144-foot sailing vessel. Newfoundland: July 18-September 15. Caribbean: November 1-January 30. Galapagos Islands: February 1-March 24. Cost: $300/week. ORES (Ocean Research and Education Society, Inc.), 51 Commercial Wharf 6, Boston, Mass. 02110.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY, FRANCE, SPAIN, ENGLAND. See Schiller College Europe under "Studies Abroad". High School, undergraduate and graduate programs.

GREECE: summer study. Six weeks, June 21-July 30, in theatre, arts, Greek studies. Field trips, two weeks on Aegean island. Earn college, in-service teaching credits. Information: Athens Centre, 22 Massalias, Athens, Greece.

INTENSIVE FRENCH PROGRAM, PARIS. June 21st and July 19th. $275.00 per session. Write: Cleveland Institute, 21 Ave. de Suffren, 75007 PARIS-FRANCE.

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BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. August 17-29, 1976. Lectures, workshops, conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature. Write: Bread Loaf, Box 504, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753. (802) 388-7662.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

SECOND ANNUAL WILLIAM PATERSON Writers' Conference, July 31-August 7, 1976. Cassill, Ciardi, Creeley, Kriegel, Rich, Wakoski, others. Fiction, Film, Poetry, Non-fiction. Mss. critique for all. Wooded hilltop college campus 20 miles northwest of NYC. For brochure and application write: Prof. Robert J. Kloss, WPC Writers' Conference, William Paterson College, Wayne, N.J. 07470.

SEMINARS

ARTS IN NEW YORK SEMINAR June 21-25. Attend performances of "A Chorus Line," New York City Ballet, experimental theater, dance, multimedia. Visit museums, studios, galleries. Meet artists, curators, critics, producers. Tuition $285 including lodging, breakfast, 3 luncheons, all admissions. (Single supplement $50.) NYU, School of Continuing Education, 2 University Place, Room 21, N.Y. 10003. Or call (212) 598-2373.

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VACATION WORKSHOPS

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER IN STOWE. July 4-August 15, 1976. 24th year. Professionally staffed chamber music and crafts program. Beautiful apartments, tennis clinics, pool, yoga. Children's programs available for total individual or family vacation. Brochure. Stowe Institute, Stowe, Vt. 05672.

CONFERENCES

EDGAR CAYCE CONFERENCES. Free catalogues. (SR). Box 595, Virginia Beach, Va. 23451.

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COLLEGE SEMESTER with professionals, Windham Summer Repertory Theatre, Putney, Vt. 05346.

TEACHERS: Accredited Theatre Institute. Summer. Windham College, Putney, Vt. 05346, brochure.

SOUTHAMPTON EDUCATION — VACATION PACKAGE. Beautiful Southampton College offers seaside summer workshops, seminars, one-week full-credit courses in art (criticism by Robert Dash, artist studio visits) graduate teacher education, ecology plus tennis, sailing, crafts workshops. Family room and board approximately $200 per week for four. Write Ms. Garoll Cullong, Southampton College, LIU, Southampton, N.Y. 11968. (516) 283-4000 Ext. 213.

EMERSON COLLEGE SUMMER. July 7-August 13. Emerson, leader in communications arts and sciences, offers morning, afternoon and evening courses in mass communication, media, English, theatre, speech, communication studies and communication disorders. Write: Box M, Emerson College Summer, 148 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02116: telephone (617) 262-2050 for catalogue.

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PARADOR MARTORELL, family inn by world famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

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SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE coast. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $225.00—no extras. Brochure: (207) 437-2851. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F, Rockport, Maine 04856.

MAINE OCEANFRONT. Charming seacoast inn, motel. Restaurant features real "Down East" cooking. Cocktails. Rooms May-November 1. Restaurant late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point (Boothbay Region), Maine 04557.

CAMDEN, MAINE. A SEACOAST VILLAGE where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at an historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston. Write: Whitehall Inn, Box SR, Camden, Maine 04843.

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HIGHLY CONCEPT-MINDED, LIVELY, RESOURCEFUL, woman administrator, educator, artist, writer, university humanities lecturer, seeks art-related overseas assignment Londonbound July 1976. SR Box 2047.

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Double-Crostic No. 98

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 A	2 U	3 E	4 T		5 G	6 E	7 Z¹		8 P	9 X	10 C		11 U	12 W	13 R	14 A	15 O		16 B	17 Y		18 R	19 U	20 E	21 S		22 Z		23 T	24 F	25 Y	26 B		27 O	28 J
29 D	30 U	31 M		32 P	33 Z¹		34 Q	35 H	36 K		37 R	38 J	39 G	40 D		41 U		42 P	43 J	44 H	45 E	46 T	47 C	48 M		49 M	50 Y		51 S	52 B		53 Q	54 C	55 P	56 X
57 F		58 K	59 L	60 P	61 T	62 I	63 G	64 C	65 V	66 Z¹	67 M	68 B		69 I	70 D	71 W	72 K		73 B	74 S		75 L	76 U		77 J	78 L	79 F	80 M	81 W		82 H	83 B	84 W		85 A
86 N	87 P	88 D	89 G		90 S	91 C	92 U		93 L	94 H	95 K	96 F	97 Y		98 N	99 Z	100 X	101 W		102 Q	103 W		104 C	105 H	106 R	107 G	108 F		109 U	110 M		111 K	112 W	113 N	114 C
115 M	_	116 I	117 U	118 Y	119 A		120 H	121 W		122 I	123 T		124 L	125 J	126 Z		127 R	128 F	129 E	130 O	131 K	132 M	133 S		134 T	135 Z¹	136 C		137 X	138 A		139 U	140 I	141 W	142 L
143 Q		144 V	145 O	146 C	147 A	148 T	149 U		150 M	151 R	152 D	153 B	154 H		155 A	156 O	157 C	158 E	159 P	160 K	161 U		162 Q	163 J	164 Y		165 X	166 C	167 A	168 R	169 U		170 M	171 H	172 Y
173 J	174 K		175 I	176 T	177 B		178 E	179 R	180 C	181 Y		182 T	183 I		184 P	185 X		186 O	187 Y	188 J	189 E	190 P		191 W	192 N		193 C	194 V	195 I	196 G		197 O	198 Z¹		199 E
200 L	201 W		202 V		203 D	204 Q	205 Z		206 G	207 U		208 E	209 V	210 C		211 I	212 T	213 J		214 Z	215 A	216 H	217 M	218 C	219 P	220 D	221 B	222 S	223 J	224 Q					

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. *Type of Japanese spruce* with rigid spiny leaves, often cultivated for adornment	1 14 85 119 138 147 155 167 215
B. Peachy; the cat's pajamas (comp.)	221 73 83 153 68 177 16 26 52
C. Successively (3 wds.)	54 91 114 157 193 210 10 47 64 104 136 146 166 180 218
D. Leas	29 40 70 88 152 203 220
E. Kinships, close agreements	6 45 208 3 129 158 178 189 199 20
F. Sport resembling boxing, but permitting kicks	57 79 24 96 108 128
G. Slightly nauseating	196 206 5 39 63 89 107
H. State of being or living alone	120 154 171 35 82 94 105 216 44
I. Midriff; camera part; loudspeaker part; microphone part	62 122 175 69 140 195 211 116 183
J. Delicately hazy	213 28 38 77 163 188 223 43 125 173
K. Moreover	36 58 72 95 111 131 160 174
L. Tokens, signs	200 59 124 78 142 75 93
M. Something very destructive, sudden, or startling	110 170 217 132 31 48 115 150 49 67 80
N. "I could munch your good dry _____," Bottom tells Titania (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*)	86 98 113 192
O. Avalanche, cascade	130 145 186 156 197 15 27
P. Hatred; depravity	32 42 55 60 219 159 204 8 184 87 190
Q. Kind of gallows	224 34 53 102 143 162
R. Short, pithy, instructive statement	13 127 151 168 179 18 106 37
S. Corvine bird; chatterbox	51 90 133 74 222 21
T. Russian theatrical and film director (1898–1948; *Potemkin*)	23 46 4 61 176 123 134 148 182 212
U. 1937 Marx Brothers film (5 wds.)	19 92 109 76 41 161 139 2 30 149 117 11 169 207
V. Shinbone	65 202 144 194 209
W. Be declared victor (3 wds.)	71 112 141 201 101 121 12 81 84 191 103
X. Port in eastern Hupeh, China	9 100 185 56 137 165
Y. Shining forth brilliantly	25 17 50 172 97 187 164 181 118
Z. Fleet	205 99 22 214 126
Z¹. Takes on, frets; cooks, simmers	7 33 66 135 198

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 97* appears on page 49.

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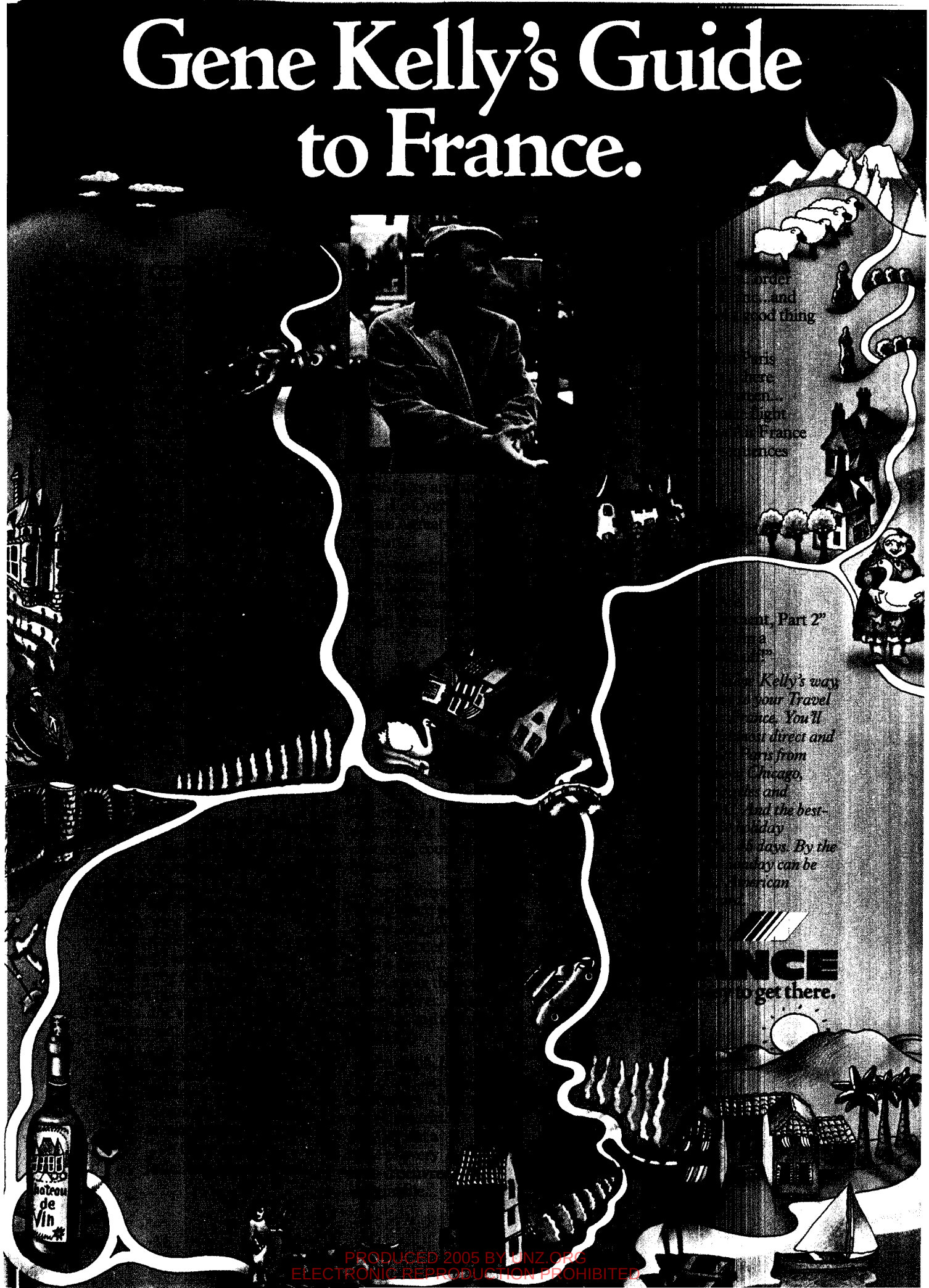
Gene Kelly's Guide to France.



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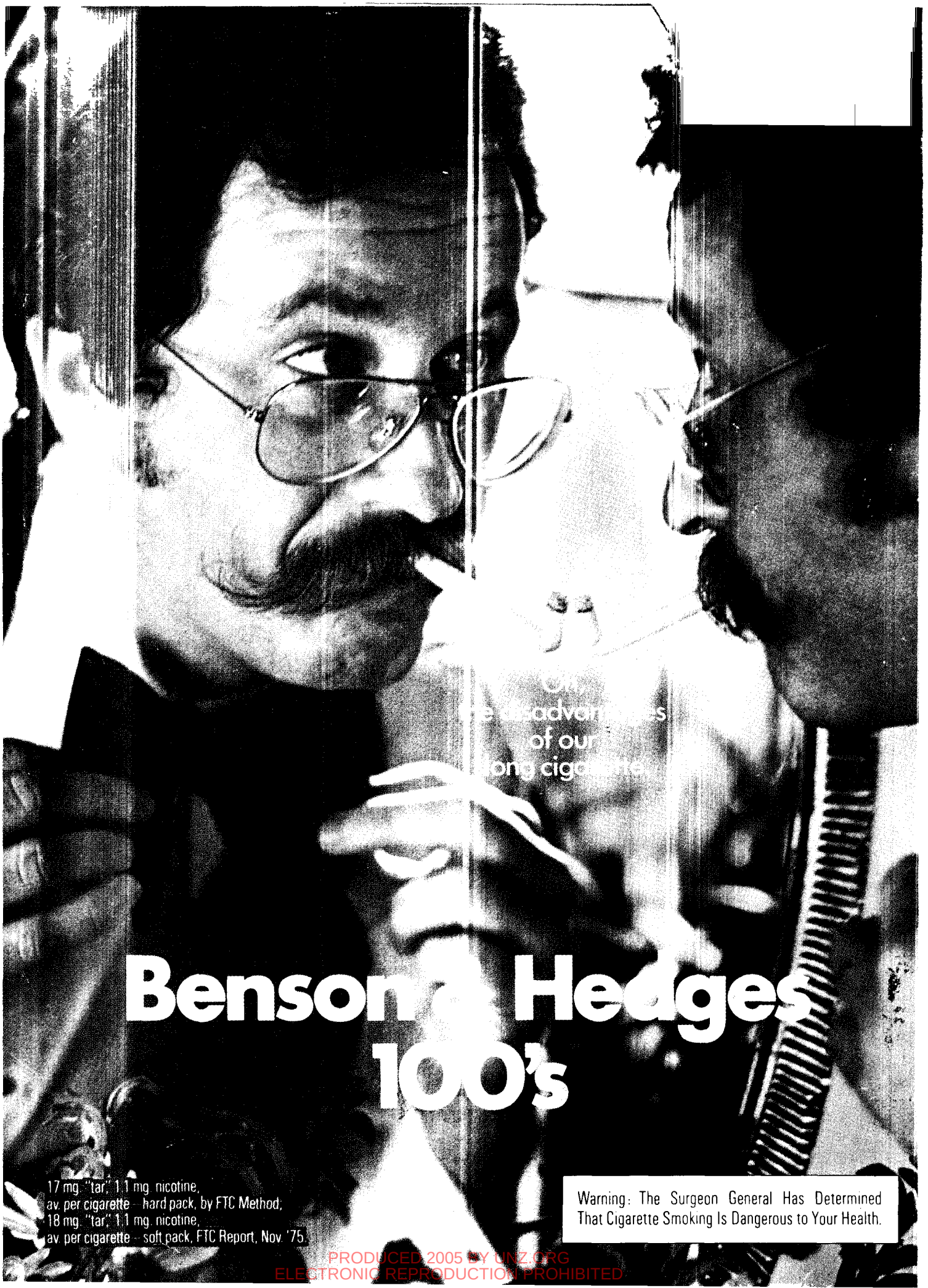

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette – hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette – soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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